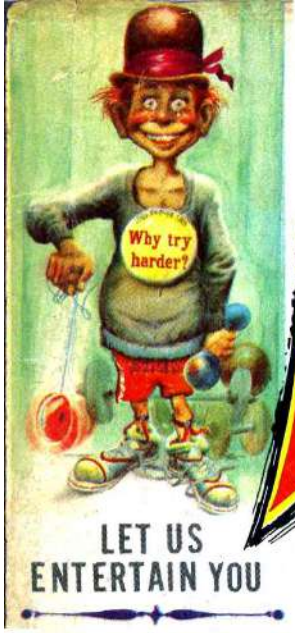


LET US ENTERTAIN YOU

JOIN THE

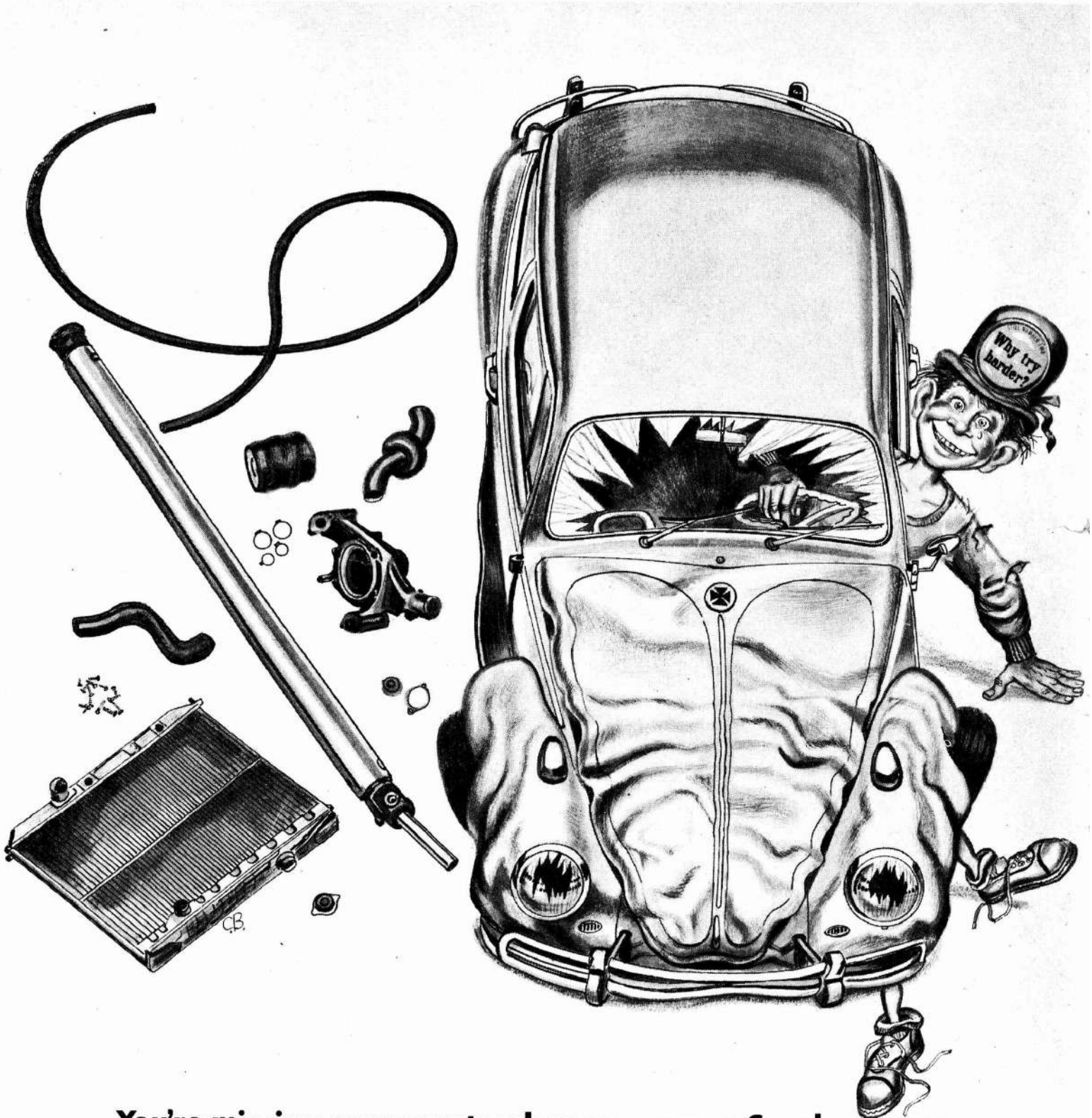
SICK

WAR FOR POVERTY

AUGUST No. 46
PDC

30¢
Costs a little more... but then it promises a little less!

BOB TAYLOR



You're missing some parts when you own a Croakswagen.

Croakswagen—the safest car in the world (if you leave it parked in your garage!) Just don't take it out in traffic, 'cause those big bad trucks can't possibly see you when you're so low on the ground. No wonder they call it a "beetle"—they'll crush you like a bug!

Another breath-taking feature—Croakswagen is airtight! So just don't fall asleep with your windows rolled up!

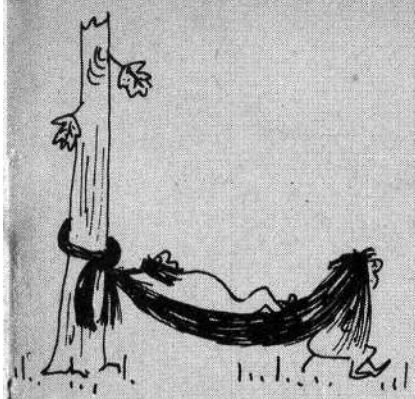
Yes, *you'll* have fewer moving parts if you're hit in one of these buggies—like your *arms*, your *legs*, your *heart*! Remember, the engine is in the back (where it can't protect you if you're hit in front!)

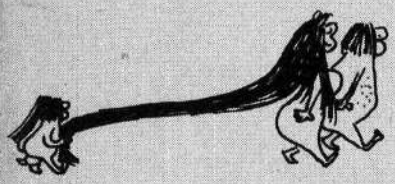
That's why you're always first in a *Croakswagen*—in the emergency ward!

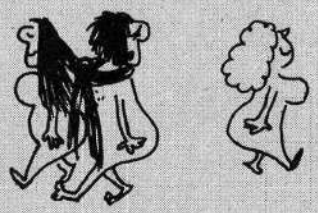
Now you know why Croakswagen drivers go for years with a lot of their parts missing.

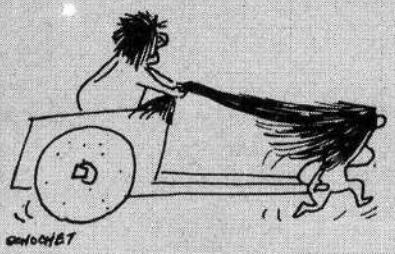
Oh, those parts on the ground? They suddenly appeared when we slammed the door too hard.

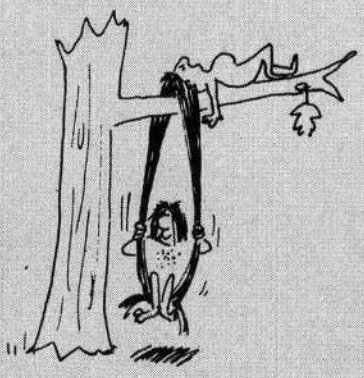
Croakswagen—What it lacks in safety, it makes up for in ugliness!

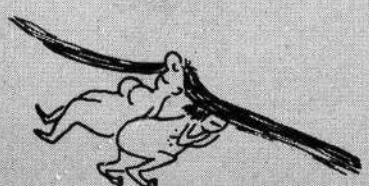












SICK

The magazine with a KICK!

No. 46
Vol. 6, No. 6
August, 1966

TEEN FASHIONS OF THE FUTURE
A preview of the teenage dress fads of tomorrow—like black leather jeans, pointed Italian sneakers, and special wigs for beards. This article strips bare the clothing of today's youth—which is how their clothing should be, stripped bare! 8

COMEDIANS IN REAL LIFE
This article shows what happens when different comedians play their real-life selves in TV situation comedies—and what happens is that it's unbelievable—the article, not the situation comedies. Don't pay any attention to the title of this article—we don't need comedians in real life, what we need is real life in our comedians! 10

SPECTACLES FOR LADIES' MASKS
This latest fad in women's fashions today are face masks—and most of the women who wear them ought to have their faces covered. This article shows how eyeglasses can fit in to this trend—but seeing them on you surely won't want to make passes at girls who wear these glasses! 14

SICK LIMERICKS
These limericks are just what the doctor ordered—he'll want to keep you as a patient and they'll make you sick. 19

LOOK WHO'S TALKING
More captions to photos that have the whole nation talking—Mainly about how we have the nerve to put them out. These captions are so bad that in looking at them you begin to hate the photograph! 28

SICK SICK WORLD
Random tidbits from around the world—a world so sick that it could only produce the new ethnic joke fad containing these random tidbits:
QUESTION: Who fired the last 12 bullets into Mussolini's body?
ANSWER: 18,000 Italian riflemen.
QUESTION: Who has an I.Q. of 168?
ANSWER: Poland. 30

KARATE SCHOOL
A look at a new pastime that may soon replace sex as America's favorite indoor activity—it already has more holds and more positioning. This feature shows what happens when Huckleberry Fink goes to a Karate class—a board falls down and almost breaks HIM in half! 32

Joe Simon, *Editor*... Bob Powell, *Art Director*... Melissa Jane, *Messages*
Paul Laikin, *New York Correspondent*... Jim Atkins, *Washington Correspondent*
Fred Wolfe, *Correspondent At Large*

Jack Scott, *West Coast*
Angelo Torres, *Pa.*
Lynn Lichty, *Ohio*
Bob Elliott, *Space*
Jack O'Brien, *Florida*
Fred England, *Texas*
Ivan Golownjew, *Moscow*
Calvin Castine, *Champlain*
Dot Brooks, *N.J.*

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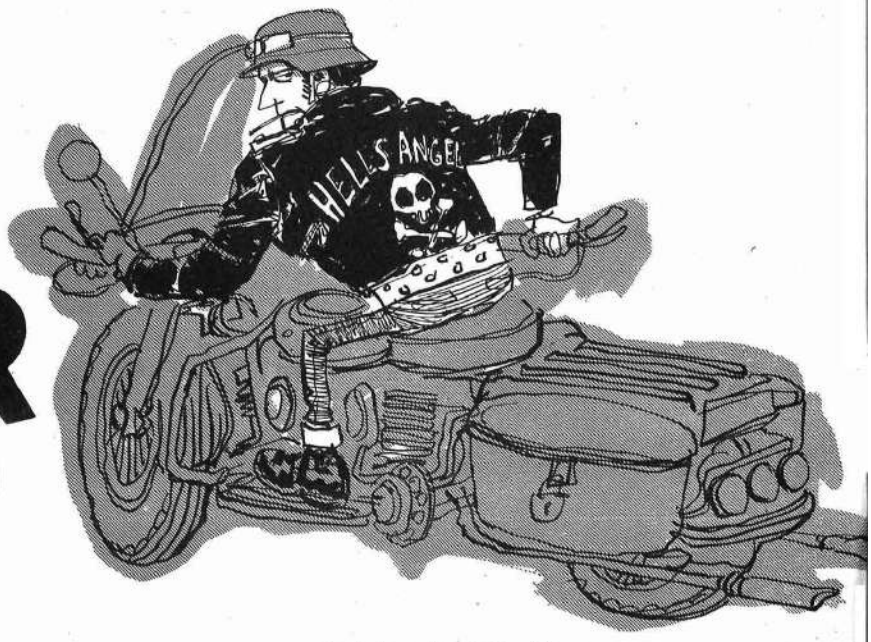
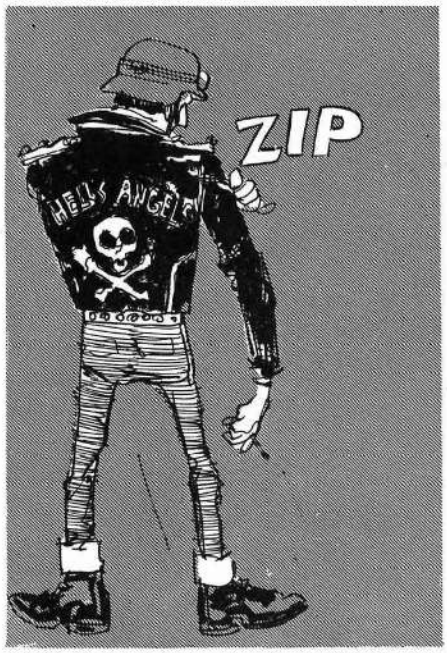
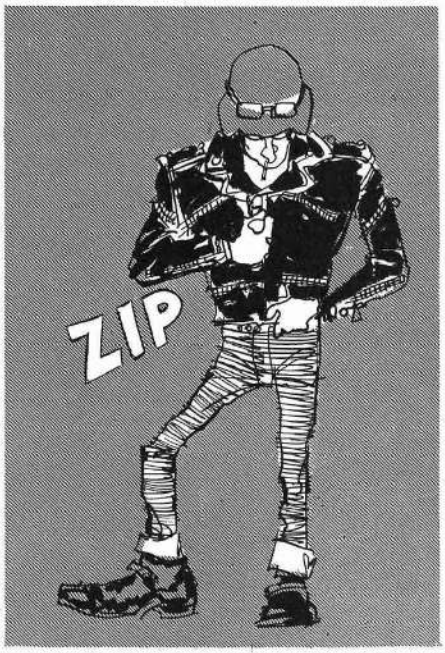
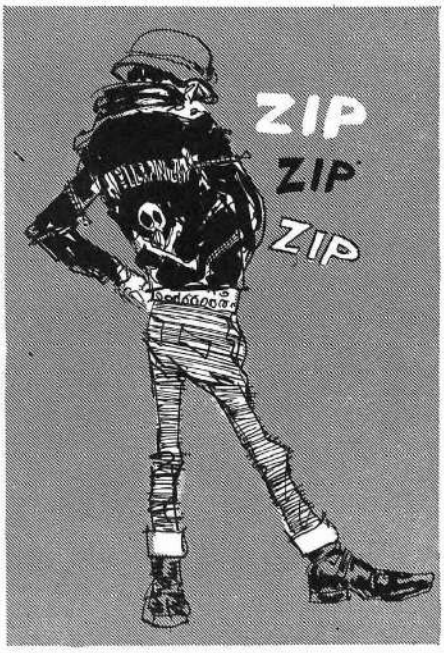
THE LEATHER JACKET

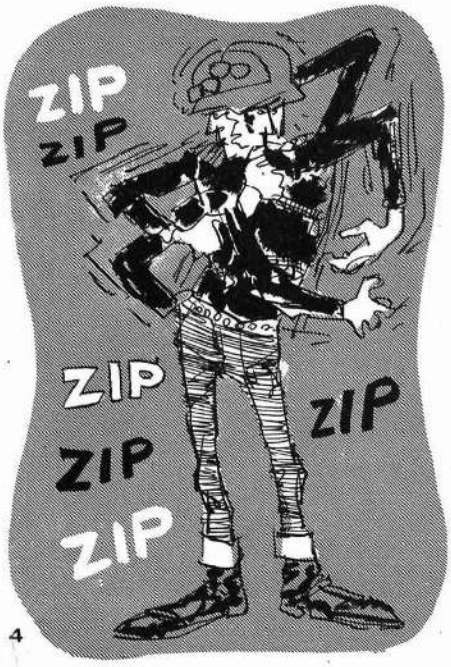


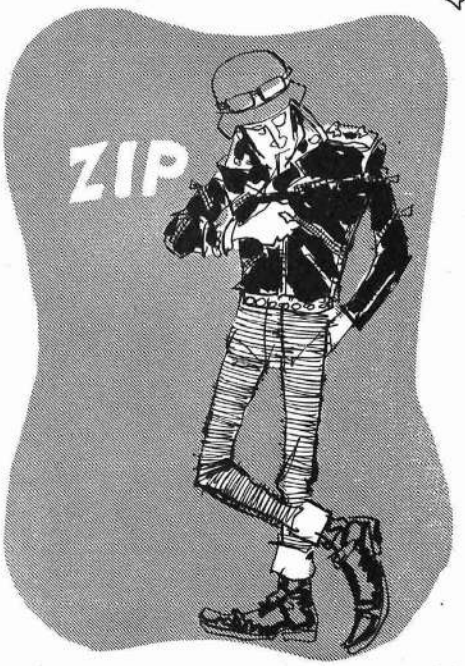
Art by Angelo Torres

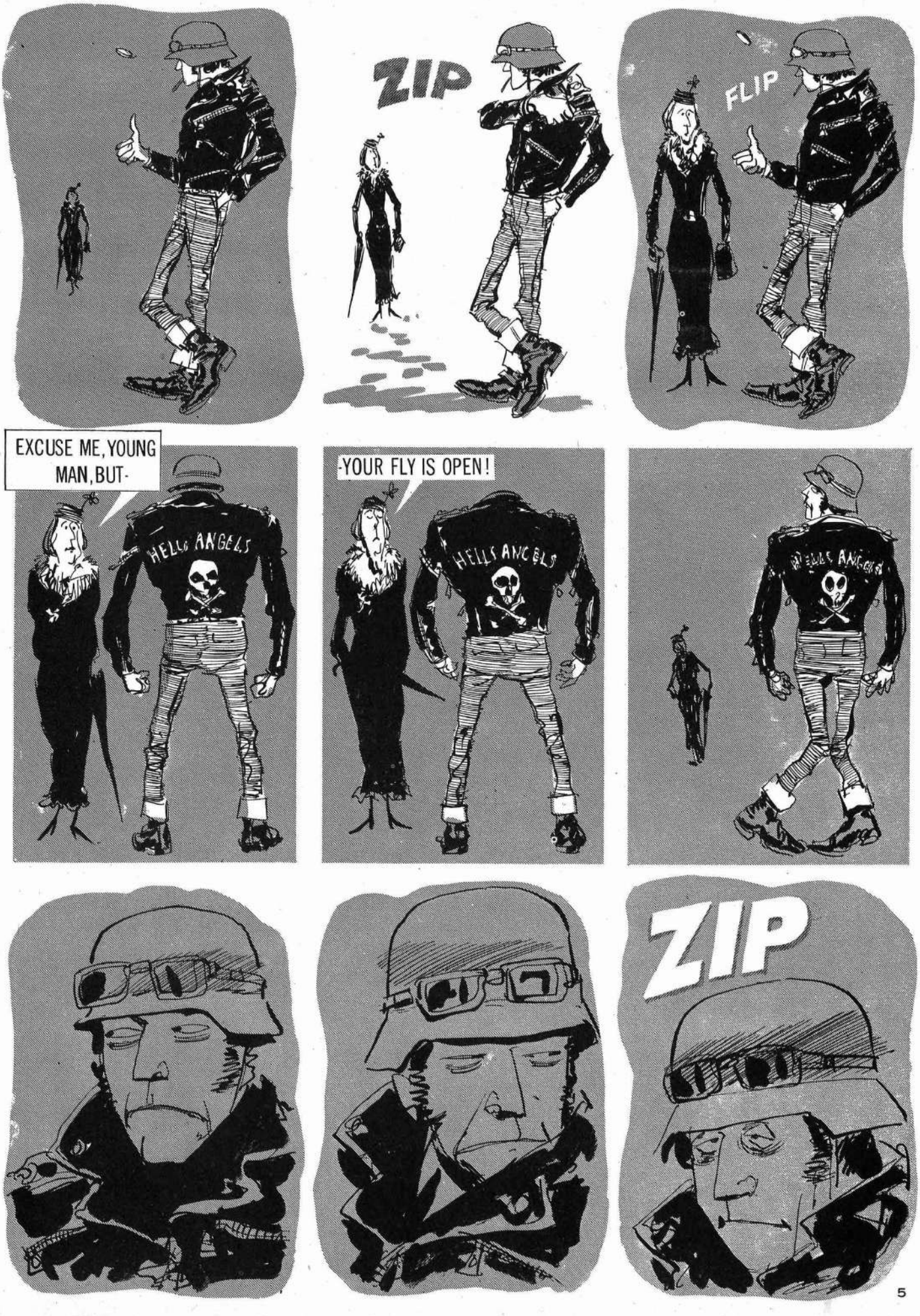











ZIP
FLIP
EXCUSE ME, YOUNG MAN, BUT-
HELLS ANGELS
-YOUR FLY IS OPEN!
HELLS ANGELS
ZIP

Dear Sick:

I like the way you attack everything and everybody—even yourselves—in an effort to do away with sham and hypocrisy in an effort to bring about equality and justice.

The article I enjoyed most was "The Sneaker Set". I think a few parents should read the article to find out where they are failing. Everyone in America should read SICK at least once during his life.

Linda J. Sadberry
245 May Ave.
Stockton, California

Ed: Can we make that twice,? Please?

Dear Sirs,

I would like to congratulate you on your article, "Executive Spy." You should even have more of those tantalizing women drawings and even some real pictures on that order. What's the use of going half way?

Ivan Horns
Carmichaels, Pa.

Ed: Next issue we're going all the way.

Dear Sirs:

You will never know how much I enjoyed seeing BRAND X defended. Why don't the brand name products attack others their own size and leave poor little Brand X alone. Brand X doesn't knock their products.

After your enlightening issue I have become a confirmed Brand X user. Please have another Brand X issue.

Mrs. R. C. Griffith
37 Balaclaire St.
St. Thomas, Ont.,
Canada

Ed: We will, as soon as we settle the lawsuits from the last one.

Dear Sick,

If this letter gets printed, it will more than likely be the only thing worth reading in the whole trashy deal. By the way, speaking of your trashy magazine, we love it.

Another thing is we would like some Sick-type pen pals (if there are any hanging around).

Marsha Hahn
1445 Elkay Drive
Eugene, Oregon 97402
and
Maggie Thompson
1466 Lake Drive
Eugene, Oregon 97402

Ed: If there are any, they're hanging around.

Dear Editor:

I read your magazine often and very seldom find anything in it that disagrees with me so much as to warrant my writing a letter to you. The truth is, I have never written a letter to a magazine before. I realize that all items in your magazine are dealing with satire and should never be taken seriously, but one item in your March issue number 43, I felt, was not in the best of taste.

The item was that entitled "How To Interpret War Communiques." I realize that never in the item did you emphasize you were writing about the Vietnam conflict but I felt that the caricatures incorporated in this item were suggestive of the Viet Cong. I have no objections to the opinion of the author being put into his work but I feel you picked an awkward time to satirize the abilities of our soldiers up against the enemy in Vietnam. You must admit that the material was not at all complimentary. I wish you to explain if you were implying the Vietnam conflict.

Danny Lafferty
2725 Franklin Ave.
Waco, Texas

Ed: We deny everything.

Dear Sick,

If those damn Aussies want a perfect satire magazine, they should read Life. And they better watch their mouths. If they're superior to us, how come they don't rule America?

In Issue #44, "The Sneaker Set" was really dumb, but that "How To Undress For The Cinema" was boss. So was "Adventure Magazines". And why don't you start adding more pages so we can get our money's worth?

Peter Walbridge
2615 Princeton Pike
Trenton, New Jersey

P.S. If Jack Sparling draws sexy pictures, have him draw one full page picture for sex lovers in each issue.

Ed: How about a full page picture of Jack Sparling for sex haters?

Dear Editor,

If you should receive this, it will *not* be because you print clear and concise information on how to address letters to this department. If anyone were more of an idiot than I, how is he to know where to send his letter? (Which just might have something nice to say).

Kathryn Bradley
Box 51
Strong, Maine

Ed: Readers, send letters to SICK, 32 West 22 Street, New York, N. Y. 10010. If you have something nice to say. If you have any complaints, send them to Kathryn.

Dear SICK:

You should be very proud to get a compliment from me to your crummy magazine, because I am the president of a secret organization.

The Rat From F.I.N.K.
Mary Speed
234 Shady Circle
Jackson, Mississippi

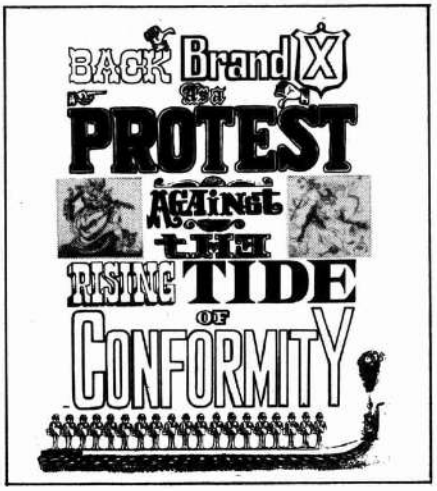
Ed: Okay, okay, where's the compliment, Rat?

Dear "Brand X" Sick,

I am not bored with name brands, I am bored with your "Brand X" issue (No. 44).

Robert Unger
19 Cummings Street
New York

Ed: Another comedian.



Dear Sick people:

Please send me one bottle of "Brand X Vodka" and ten packs of "Brand X Cigarettes," because we have been unable to find them in our stores. Please send them C.O.D.

Thank you.

Hoods of E.C.
Mike Barkley, President
1115 W. Williams Circle
Elizabeth City, N. C.

Ed: How old are you hoods?

Sick:

I realize you try harder but you don't quite make it. No offense meant *(Ed: You mean it's a compliment, right?)*. I've read almost every issue and must admit some of them were fair. Take, for instance, the December ish. It was filthy. Clean up your mag or you lose another reader.

Your friend,
Peter Smith
21 Dusenberry Rd.
Bronxville, N. Y.

Ed: Friends like you we'd like to lose.

for collectors... THE SATIRE THAT JFK LOVED--

You'll want to save this memorable PICTURE-CAPTION book which was printed before Dallas when THE KENNEDY WIT sparkled over an adoring nation

Georgie Jessel says: "LOOK WHO'S TALKING" is a warm memory of the wonderful humor of The NEW FRONTIER... Not for squares!"

WHILE THE SUPPLY LASTS!

In our never-ending desire to give our readers an ever-widening amount of coverage on as many subjects as possible, we are proud to present a humor magazine "first"—

Fashion Predictions

We have gone to the expense of obtaining the services of Shirley Schlock—the world's best dressed teenager, for this special article. The above photo was taken as she prepared to leave for the Junior Prom.

"Hi there, readers. It sure is a big thrill for me to be asked to do this here article. Being the world's greatest expert on fashions, I'm going to give you my ideas of what people will be wearing in the years to come.

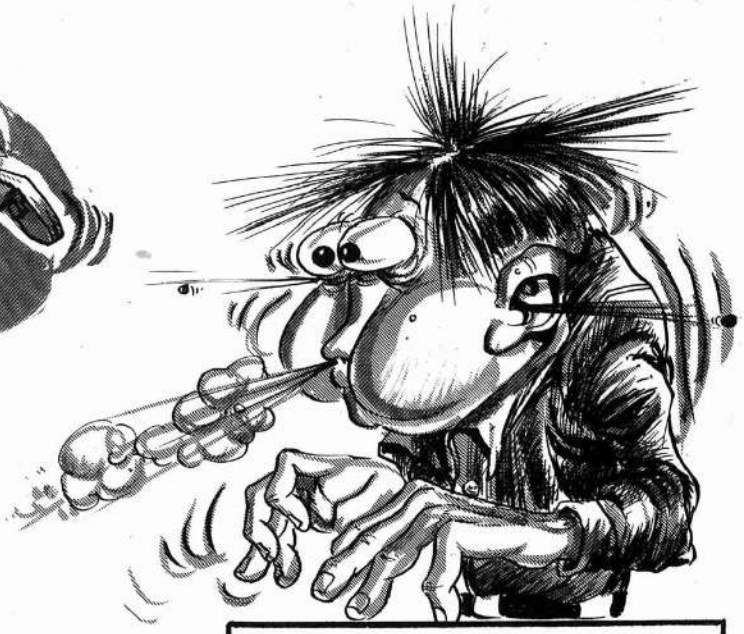
"**High-heeled sneakers** should start becoming popular, by 1972. Although they're already on the drawing board, it'll take a while for the public to accept this revolutionary idea. The type pictured above, will be worn mostly at formal basketball games."

"By 1975, **haircuts** should be completely out of style. The cut pictured above will be considered conservative. Not only will it be virtually impossible to tell the boys from the girls, but it'll also be difficult to tell the front from the back."

"For those who want to occasionally take a look at what's going on in the world, there'll be **Yul Brynner wigs.** There'll be talk of persons actually getting haircuts, but such people will be considered fanatics."

Script by Calvin Castine

"**The 'Pepsi Generation'** will have their say, when it comes to hats. The rage of the 1980's will be the bottle-cap cap. This craze will most likely be followed by the 'flip-top cap' craze."



"**Noses will be 'out'** by 1990. Anyone with a nose will be a social outcast. Since the common cold will have been cured long before this time, people will have their noses bobbed to the point of no points at a very early age. Anyone unlucky enough to get a head cold, will probably end up blowing his brains out."

"Due to the increase in the sales of carbonated beverages, nuts, chocolate, and other sweets, **blemishes** will be 'in', by the turn of the century."

"By the year 2005, the world of fashion will make a dramatic turn, from bad to worse. 2005, will see the start of a hundred-year reign of **The Martian Look.** Antennae, and green scales, will be 'in'. This should come as a big relief to the members of Sick's staff, because most of them already look like that."

"With all of today's juvenile delinquents being released from prison around the late 1970's, **prison-striped clothes** will be a big smash. The cheapest way to get a new Spring wardrobe, will be to get arrested."

The more successful situation comedies on TV today seem to be the kind created by the Danny Thomas-Sheldon Leonard team. Each of the stars plays a role similar to the one he lives in real life. This gives the show a certain authenticity. Danny Thomas plays a night club entertainer, Dick Van Dyke is a comedy creator and Andy Griffith plays an Ozarks hillbilly. In order to have more comedy successes on TV why not get other comedians and develop series for them using the same believable situations? Like for example, here are some ideas for...

SAM LEVENSON as "The Spanish Teacher"

Class, for our lesson today we're going to discuss Spanish customs and culture. First, I'd like to tell you that Spain has always been a land of culture and refinement. Children there are constantly exposed to fine art and great music.

But when I was a kid "culture" was a dirty word. If anybody said you had "culture" you either slapped him in the mouth or went to see a doctor.

Culture in our neighborhood? Are you kidding? The only poetry we got was reading Burma-Shave signs on the road while running away from home! And music! We used to listen to whole symphonies from the garbage cans they threw down from the roofs! The only fine art we ever saw was on the backs of postcards some guy used to sell us on the corner! For years I thought Tillie & Mac always went around like that!

In my neighborhood we didn't have time for culture. We were too busy trying to live! My neighborhood was so tough you either became a Judge or went to the chair! When anybody mentioned sculpture it meant he was going to carve up a guy!

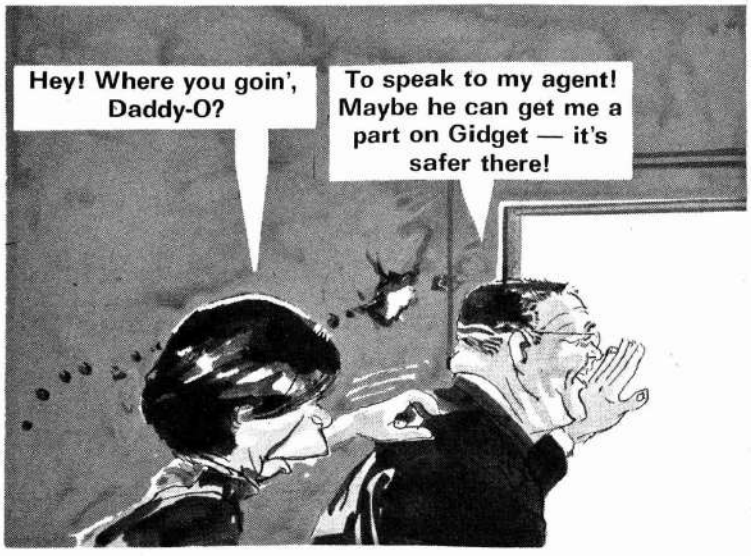
In Spain the whole way of life is different. Children respect their parents and teachers. To show you what I mean, tomorrow we're all going to take a little field trip. This is so that you can learn more about the fine Spanish customs and their colorful language, so different from the American type of culture. Tomorrow we're going to spend the day walking around the streets of Manhattan...

Hey, Teach! You new aroun' here, ain't it? Lemme fill you in! We don' like you guys no-how — you get my message, Man?

ULP! I'd rather face an audience of Arabs than than some of these kids in Brooklyn schools today!

Hey! Where you goin', Daddy-O?

To speak to my agent! Maybe he can get me a part on Gidget — it's safer there!



NEW TV SERIES FOR COMEDIANS

Script by Paul Laikin
Art by Jack Sparling

BOB NEWHART as "The Accountant"

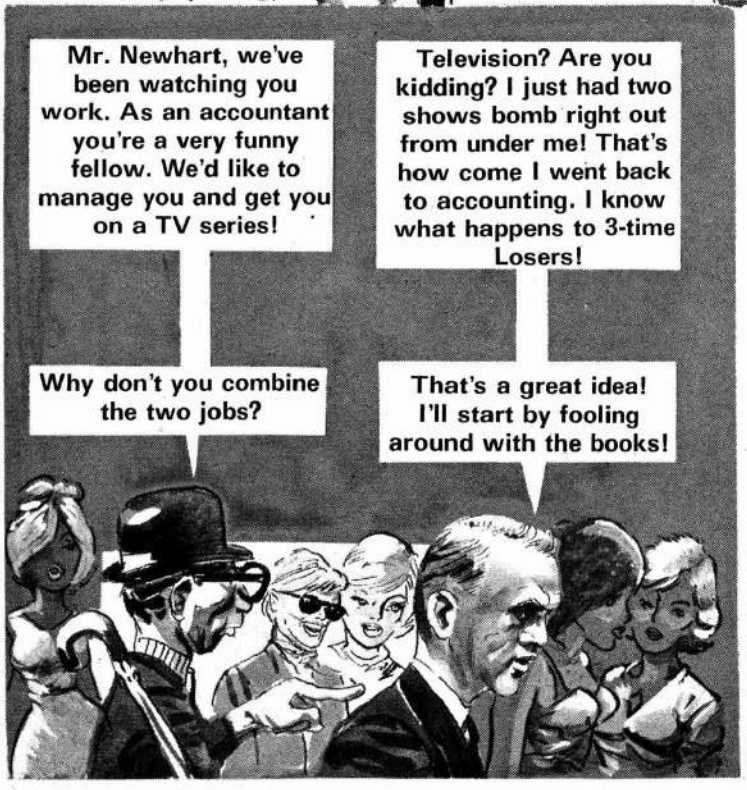
Hello, Kremlin Bookkeeping? This is Mr. Newhart, U.N. Accounts Receivable... What's that?... You were expecting this call. I see. Well, I'm sorry to trouble you but in going over our books I notice a balance due on your account. Now I'm sure it's just an oversight on your part but we're closing our books for the month and we'd like to clear it up.

What's that?... You're not going to pay because of what?... *The money went for aggressive action and you refuse to support imperialistic stands.* I see. Well, I don't know. We've performed the same services for our other clients and they seem to be satisfied. In fact, we get their checks by the tenth of every month. The two percent discount, you know! ...I didn't quite get that... We spent four million dollars for soldiers to go into the Congo and fight the rebels and you were against the expense. Uh, huh. Could you tell us why you were against it?... *You could have gotten the same soldiers for half the price...*

But how about the bargain we got sending troops throughout Latin America as sort of a package deal? We saved a lot of money there! *...they didn't have to go by plane?...they could have taken the bus.*

All this however, doesn't do away with your share of the upkeep here. You know, rent, gas and electric, washing machine and so forth!... *We're in too high a rent district? ...we should have gotten a place on the Lower East Side?...*

Let's put it this way. I'm authorized to give you our ten percent trade discount if you mail out your check by Thursday!... Thursday you're closed because it's what?... Rasputin's Birthday, I see. Well, let's see if we can work out something!... *You'll start making payments if we admit Red China to the U.N.* Well, you know what they say, If we admit Red China—an hour later they'll want to be admitted again. Ha, ha. That's a little inside joke I always tell. What's that?... I should take my joke and do what with it?... Well, SAME TO YOU FELLA!!!


Mr. Newhart, we've been watching you work. As an accountant you're a very funny fellow. We'd like to manage you and get you on a TV series!
Television? Are you kidding? I just had two shows bomb right out from under me! That's how come I went back to accounting. I know what happens to 3-time Losers!
Why don't you combine the two jobs?
That's a great idea! I'll start by fooling around with the books!

JACK E. LEONARD as "The Charleston Dancer"

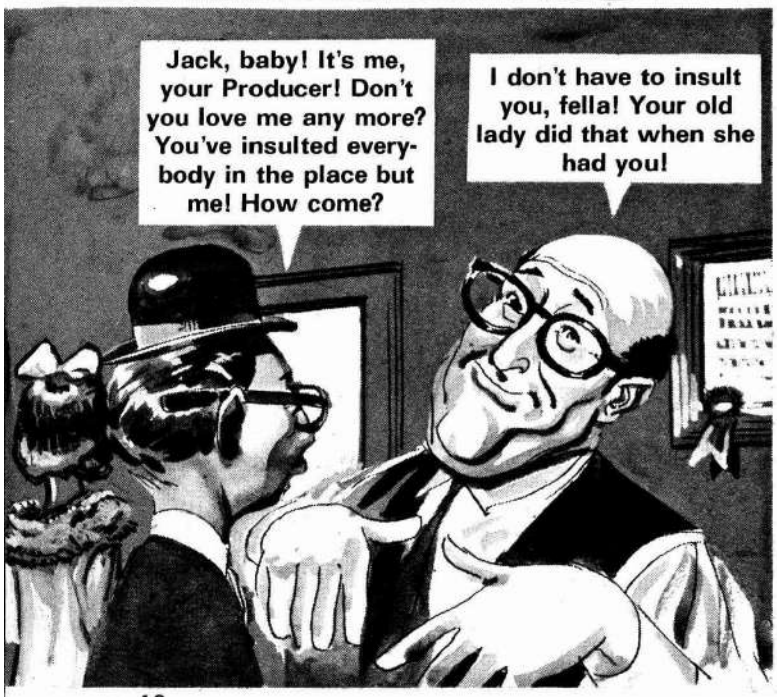
I want to say how thrilled I really am to be here today at this very wonderful Dance Marathon. And may I say, my dear, it's really a thrill having a partner like you. I mean that from the bottom of my head! You move like a waiter with a hernia condition! Am I holding you too close, honey? One of your varicose veins just popped!...

May I say, my dear, you dance divinely—and I mean that sincerely! Let me know if your feet ever touch the ground! But I want to say, I love dancing with you—I really do! The last time I held somebody like you in my arms it turned out to be a male cop!

I love that dress on you. You look like the last one out of the Turkish Bath! Ah, you mad fool, you do want me, don't you? I can see it in your eyes! Do good here tonight, honey, this may mean Champagne Night in the Catskills! I know you're really choked up about that!

Take a look at this band, will you? They look like the Nuremberg Jury with instruments! Dig that leader over there! Hey, Mac, if you're a conductor I want a transfer! I'm only kidding. I want to go on record as saying that this is the greatest band of the day. Comes night time though, something happens and they sound terrible!

I don't mean that, fellas. I think you're all men among men. Among women, nothing! But among men you're O.K. Don't mind me, I want to wish you all the luck in the world—and believe me, you're going to need it. I understand you're making a comback here tomorrow night!


Jack, baby! It's me, your Producer! Don't you love me any more? You've insulted everybody in the place but me! How come?
I don't have to insult you, fella! Your old lady did that when she had you!

JACKIE MASON as "The Rabbi"

My sermon for today is Love Thy Neighbor. To love thy neighbor isn't such a bad thing when you come to think of it. But stay away from his wife! This isn't the kind of love I'm talking about. The kind of love I'm talking about is a Sunday kind of love. The trouble is, everybody starts it on Saturday night!... I see you don't know what I'm talking about. This isn't a congregation—it's an aggravation!

But anyway, I recommend to everybody that they should love thy neighbor. With one exception. I don't recommend it to the guy who lives next door to Ed Sullivan!...You know what I mean? I don't think so! I'm going over here like an Arab at a B'nai Brith Luncheon!

To begin with, I'd like to introduce myself. I'm your new Rabbi. I see you're all shook up about that!

It wasn't easy to become a Rabbi. To become a Rabbi I had to fight with my father. He didn't want me to be a Rabbi. He wanted me to be in show business. He told me this after he heard me give my first speech as a Rabbi. But I wanted to be a Rabbi in the worst way. And sure enough that's how it turned out! The first Synagogue I worked I did such a bad job only gentiles showed up!

Then things got tough. They put me in a very Reformed Temple that used to close for the Jewish holidays. I found myself working hard all year round—came Passover there was no bread in the house! Today, thank God, I'm making a living! Today I can't complain—as long as I keep my hands to myself!

That was a wonderful sermon! Brotherly Love is the real answer! Can I talk to you about it?

Not now! I have to go to my lawyers. I'm suing a guy for 3 million dollars! That no-good-nik'll be sorry he ever started up with me!

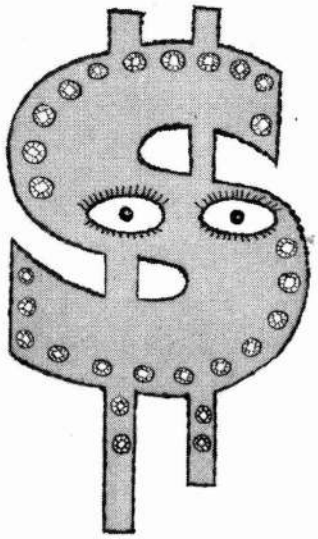
But what about Brotherly Love?

Talk to me after the settlement!

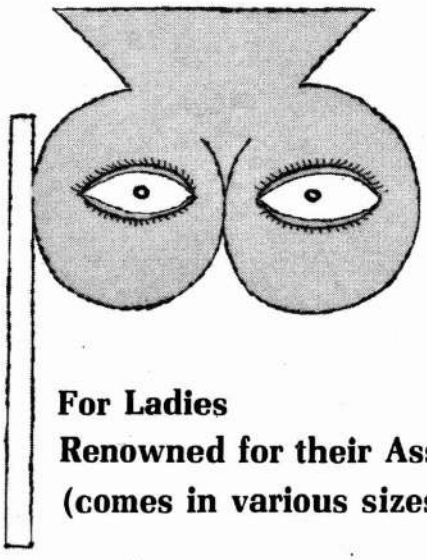
TRENDS

Recently shown in New York, as part of the American Designers' Series, was a group of masks that women could wear with or without hats. Now masks in themselves are pretty frivolous and theatrical, but the fashion mask has serious commercial possibilities — both for identification and advertising. SICK, going one step further, figures that since women are usually self-conscious about wearing glasses, why not combine the two? That way, they'd be able to see where they were going and be fashionable at the same time. If this takes hold, we might soon see women walking around in these:

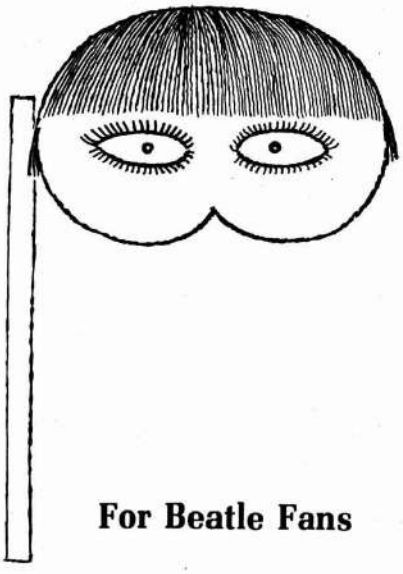
MASKS FOR LADIES



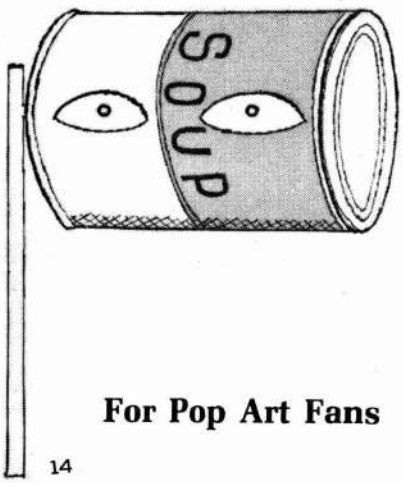
For Millionaires' Wives



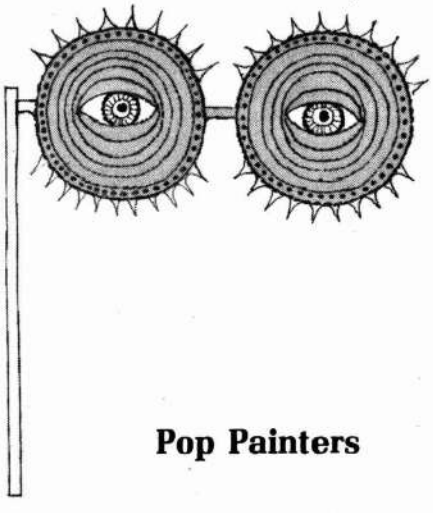
For Ladies Renowned for their Assets (comes in various sizes)



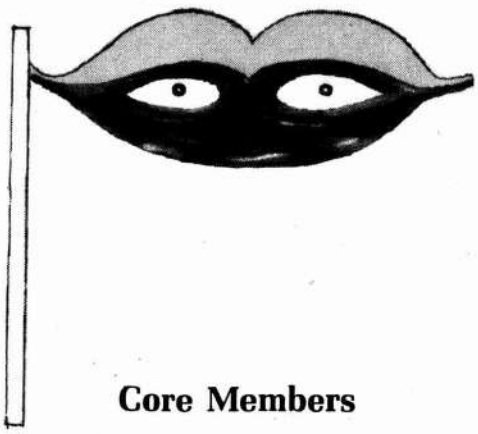
For Beatle Fans



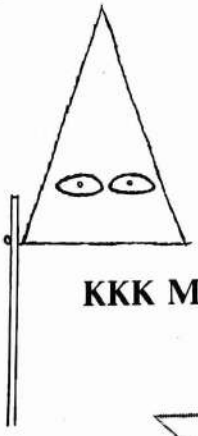
For Pop Art Fans



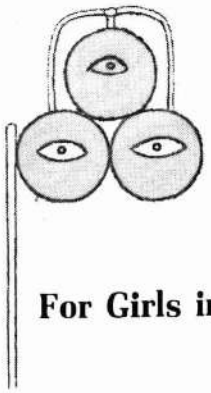
Pop Painters



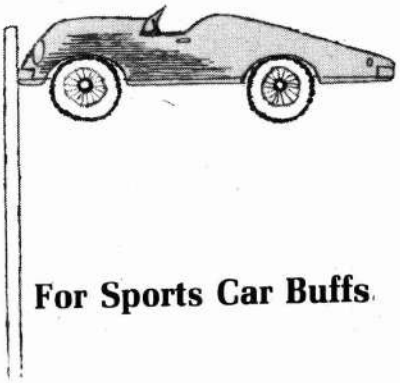
Core Members



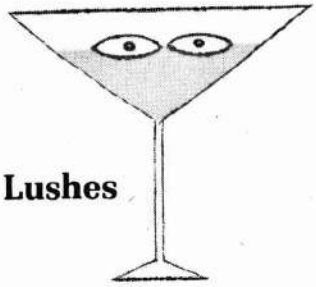
KKK Members



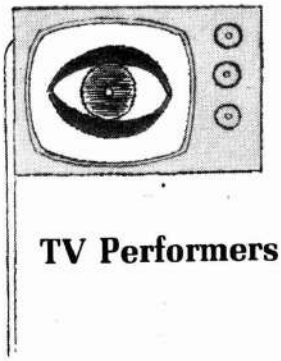
For Girls in Hock



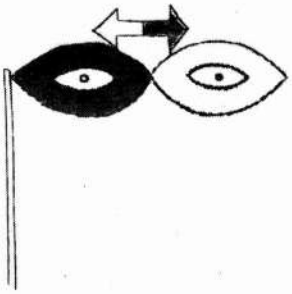
For Sports Car Buffs



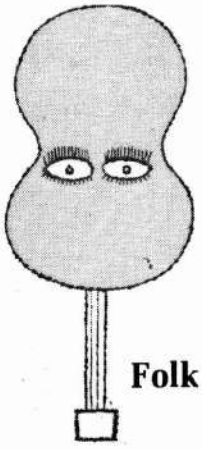
For Lushes



TV Performers

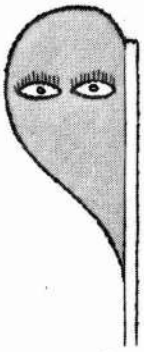


Demonstrators

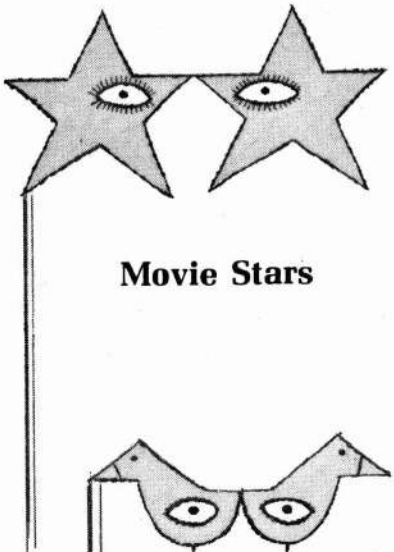


Folk Groups

Fellow Travelers

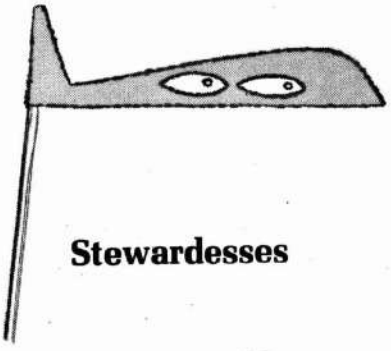


Broken Hearted Broads

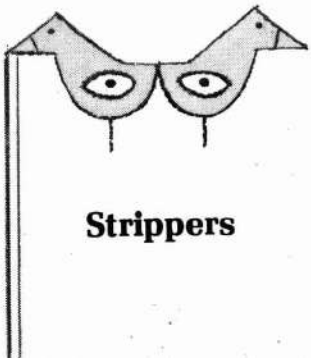


Movie Stars

Jewish Movie Stars

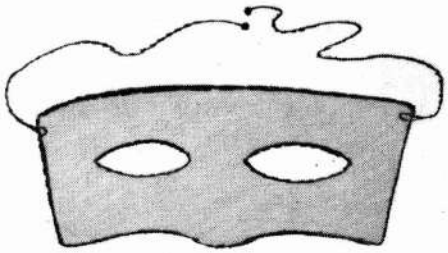


Stewardesses



Strippers

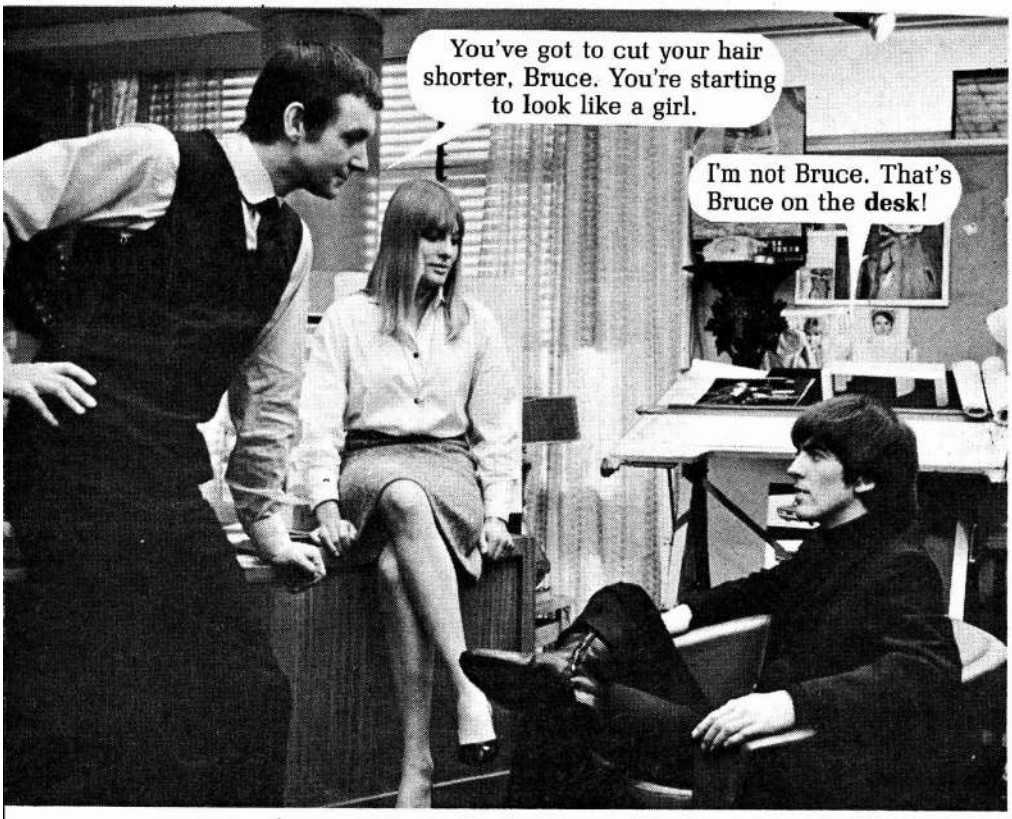
Musicians



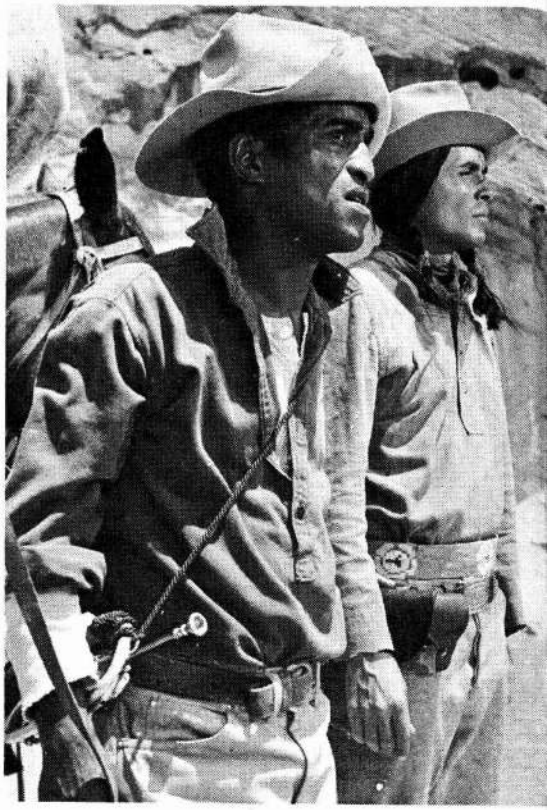
Old fashioned mask for plain, old fashioned burglars

LOOK WHO'S

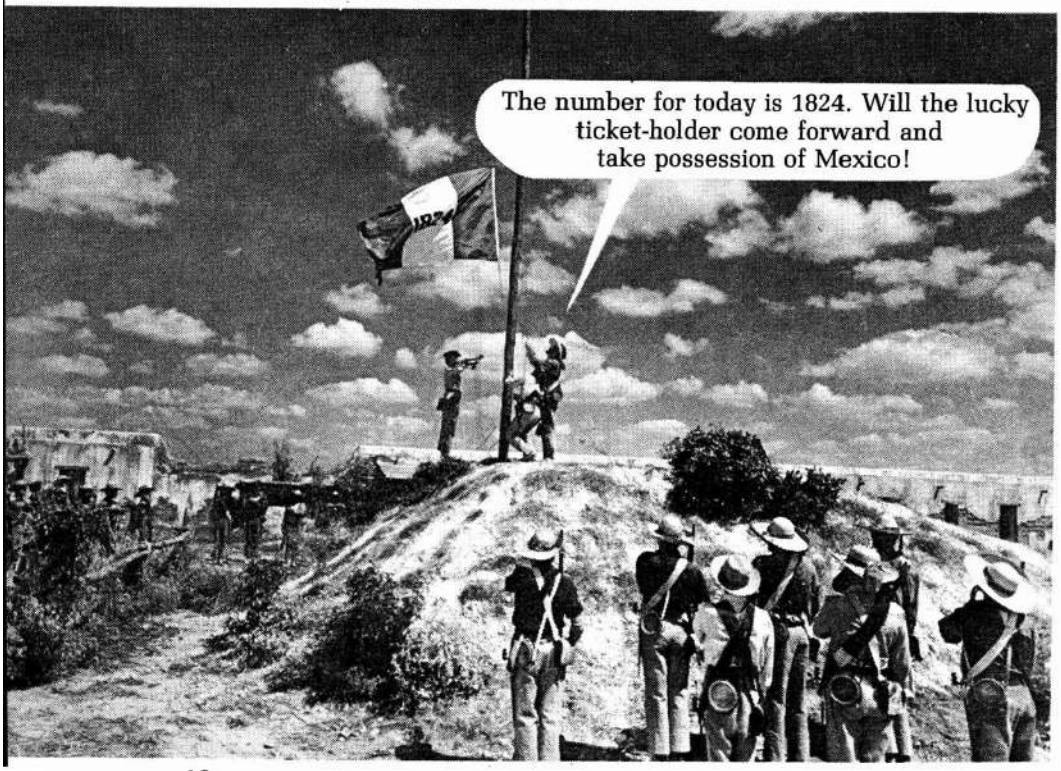
GEORGE HARRISON



DEAN



JOHN WAYNE



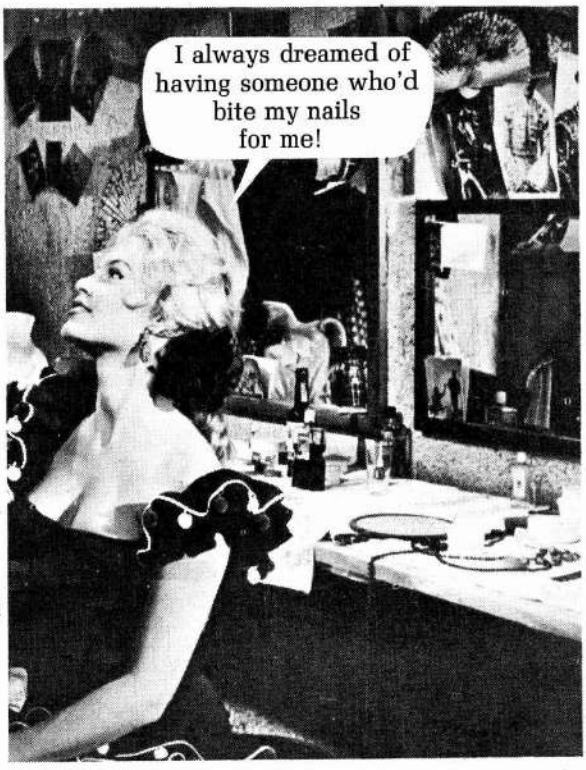
BRIGITTE

TALKING / WE NAME NAMES!

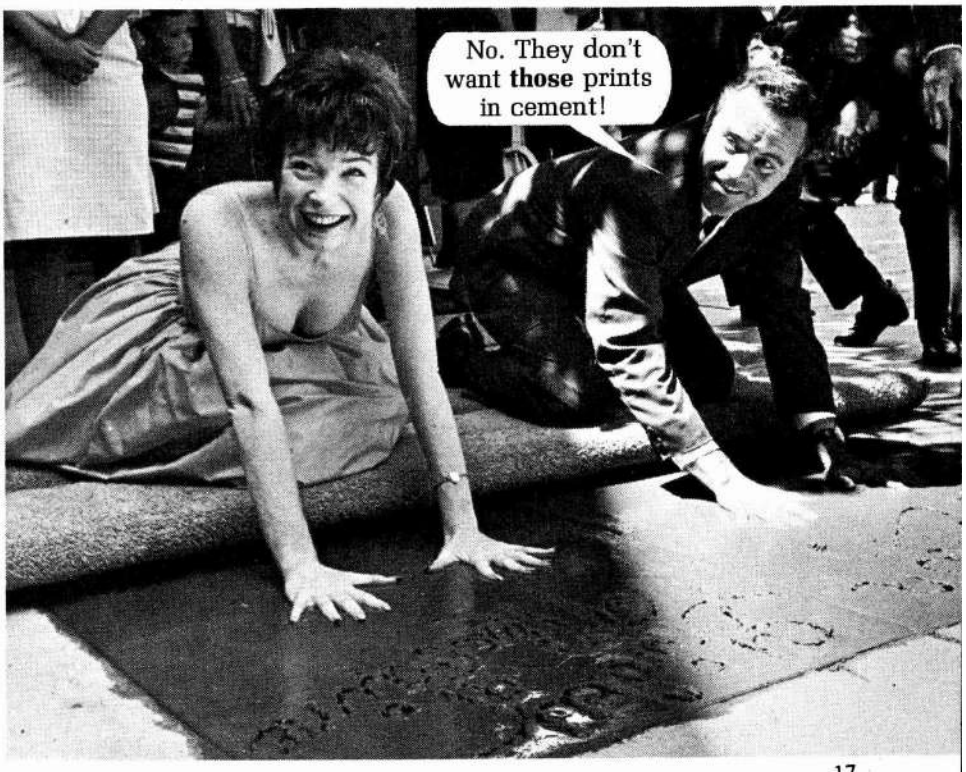
MARTIN

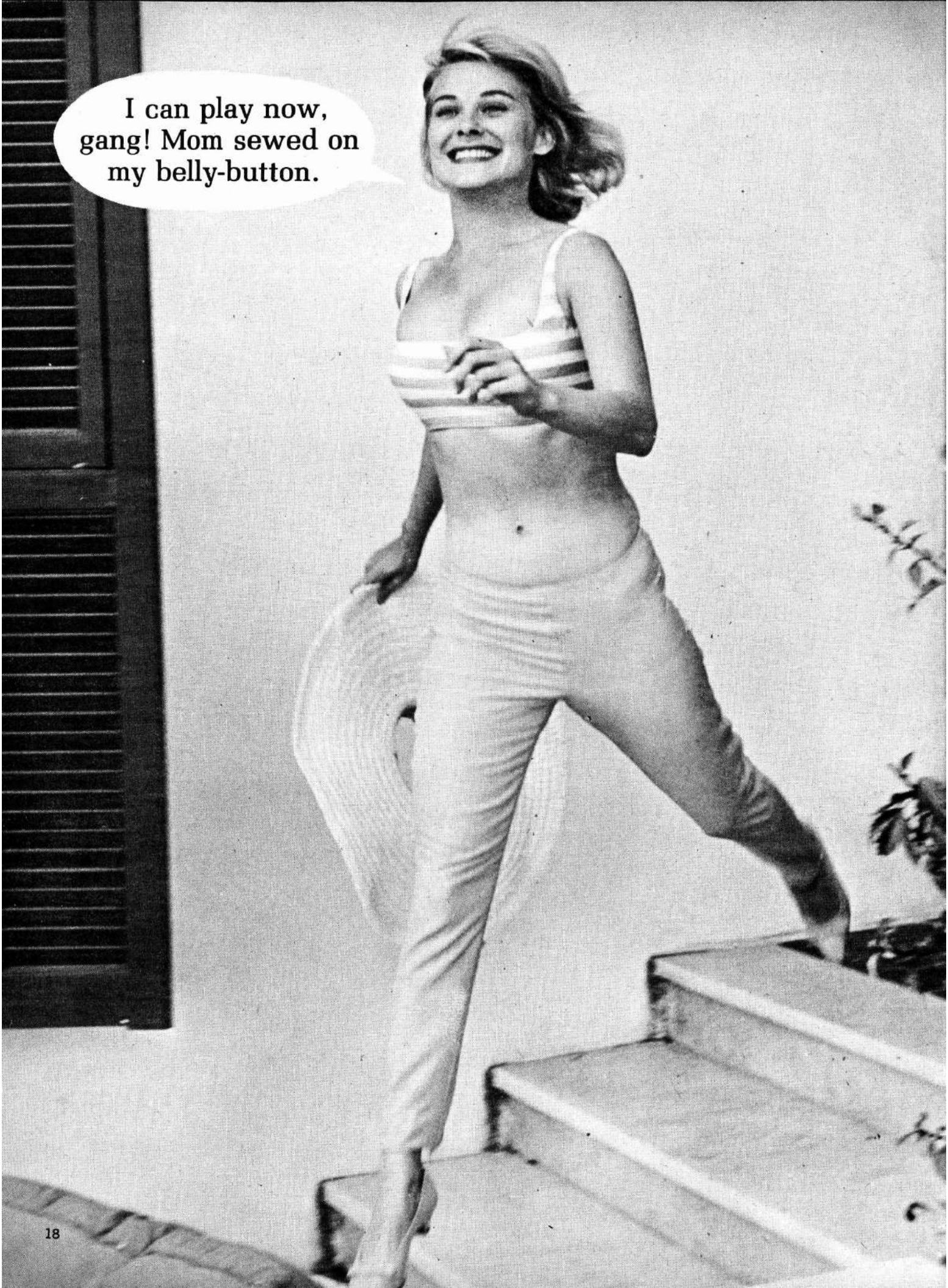
GLENN FORD

BARDOT



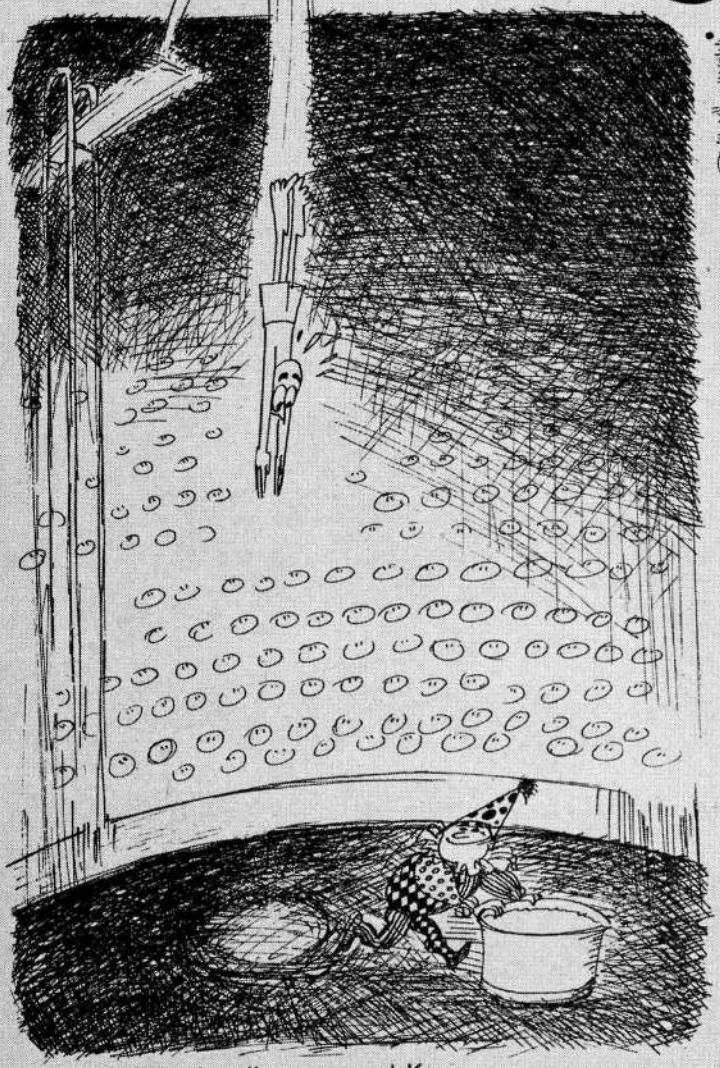
JACK LEMMON




I can play now, gang! Mom sewed on my belly-button.

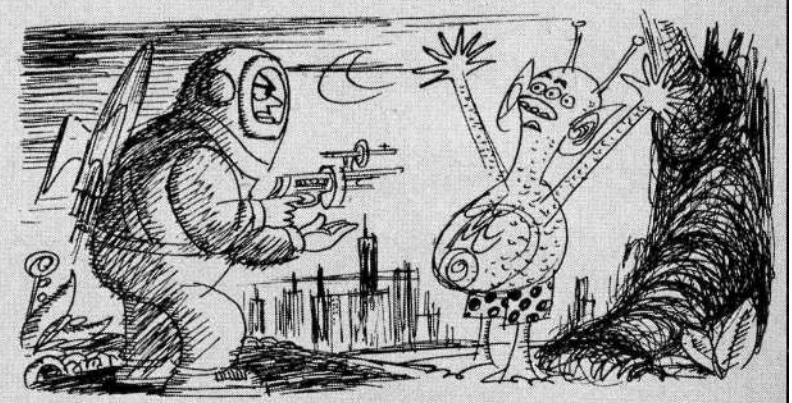
SICK LIMERICKS

Script by Fred Wolfe
Art by Arnold Franchioni

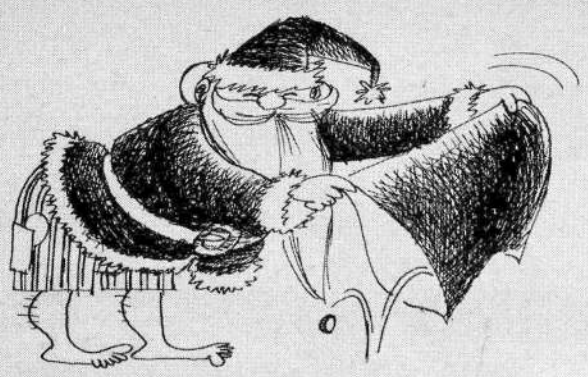


A high-wire diver named Krunge
From his wire, took a fifty-foot plunge.
Down he dove to a pool.
But, some fool moved the pool
(And they picked up poor Krunge with a sponge!)

There once was an Elf named Von Marr
Who designed a toy-like kind of car.
With its front and tail draggin'
He named it: "A Volkswagen!"
(Now Von Marr drives a *Cadillac* car)

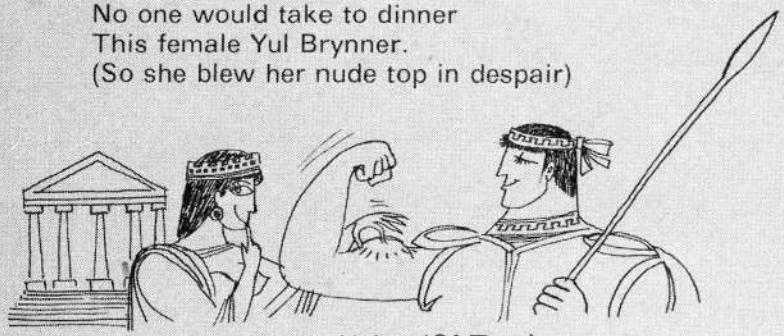


A "creature" from "Red Planet Mars"
One night, dropped to earth, from the stars.
But the Martian was "bugged."
In a park, he got mugged.
(He flew back to the "monsters" on Mars!)



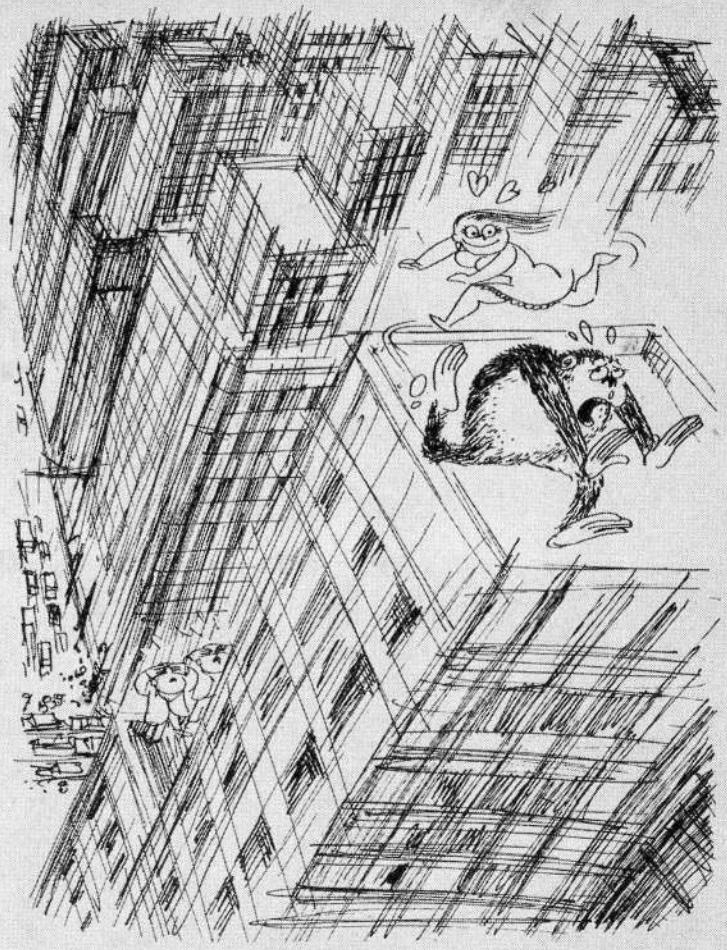
There is an old gent name of Claus.
With his spirit, he'd give you his drawers.
But, the spirit *we see*
Is, "What's in it for me?"
(Kinda makes you sit up and take pause)

There once was a girl named O'Hare
Who in infancy lost all her hair.
No one would take to dinner
This female Yul Brynner.
(So she blew her nude top in despair)

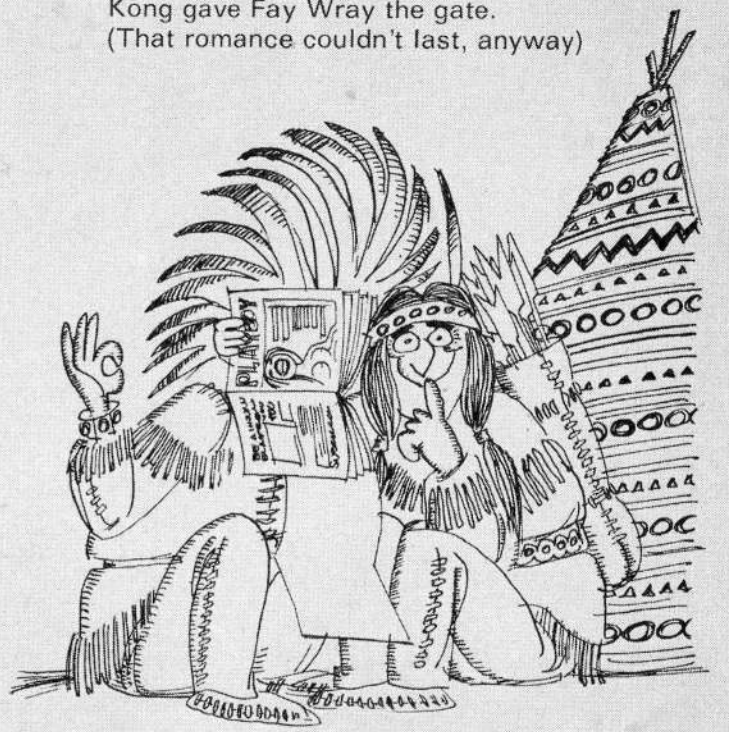


There once was a Helen (Of Troy)
Who would seek every Greek (man and boy).
But, then she copped a sneak.
This sweet "Greek of the Week."
(Can you blame them for lousing up Troy?)

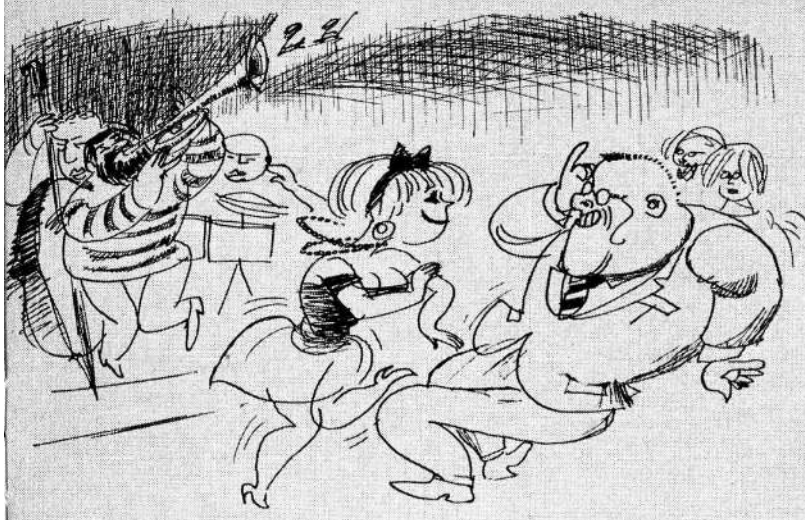
There once lived two twins in Siam
Who were anxious to "split up" and scram.
But, their future's still dark.
They got "cut" in Denmark.
(Now, they can't tell who's Stella or Sam)



An old movie-queen named Fay Wray
By an ape, once was carried away.
On the "Empire State"
Kong gave Fay Wray the gate.
(That romance couldn't last, anyway)

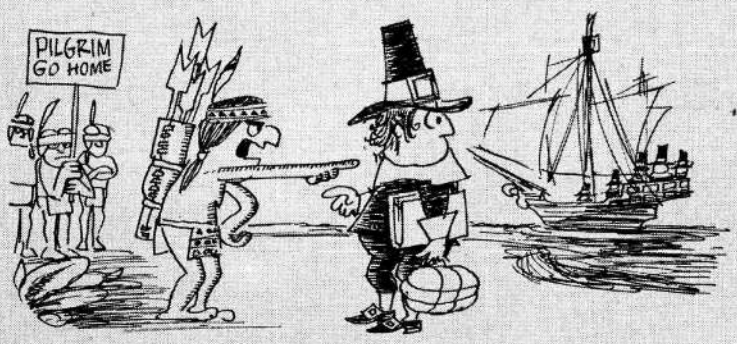


An injun named "Brave Little Cow"
Found that girls he just never could wow.
But, he got a "new look."
Owes it all to a book.
(Now with "Playboy," he really knows "HOW!")



Introducing Mein Herr Ernst Von Kloog
In a discotheque, learned how to "frug."
But, his English was poor.
When he got on the floor
He would say: "Miss, shall we cut a roog?"

A scientist named "Dr. Frank."
Built a "man" with a *tige. in his tank.*
But Doc. Frankenstein's "gent"
Soon to T.V. was lent.
(Now the Doc. owns his very own bank)



A pilgrim from old Plymouth Rock
Was exposed to a terrible shock.
His white face had turned red
When a red-skin had said:
("You can stay, man, but *not on my block*!")

A congressman named Cyrus Yate
Cornered all of the votes in his state.
With his promise, they got
Two chicks in a pot.
(Both were eighteen, and looked really great!)

A toast to all "Nordics," my son.
I approve of the things that they've done.
Be they Swedish or Finn
They just swim in their skin.
(Yes, it's true! "Blondes" *do* have more fun!)

There was a Pied-Piper from Ham.
Who helped out a town in a jam.
He got rid of their rats.
But they just "tipped" their hats.
(So, he took all their kids on the lam)

As a fan of the New York Mets we find ourselves constantly hoping that they will come up with a genuine strong man, a slugger who could really carry the team. We have nothing against Dick Stuart, Ken Boyer or Ed Kranepool or Ron Svoboda, but we're talking about acquiring an all-time all-star potential.

So fierce has this hope become that the other night we found that time somehow had telescoped, and Samson, the early day Giant was discovered by an eager-eyed Met scout and brought into camp.

In the clubhouse, Yogi Berra, eager to see what the writers said about yesterday's Met game, turns to the comic pages. Tim McGrew, erstwhile ivory hunter, enters.

MEET SAMSON
THE NEWEST MET

Art by Angelo Torres
Script by Bill Majeski

Yogi, I've got the biggest and strongest guy you ever saw. Found him holding up a mail truck.
You're bringing me a crook? Our guys can't even steal bases.
No, he was holding up a truck so the guy could change a flat tire.
Mets
THE COMPLETE WORKS OF MARV THRONE BERRY
STENGELESE MADE EASY
I'd like to change a few of the flat tires we got here at camp. Okay, where is this guy?
Outside in the waiting room. You won't regret it.
You're a pretty big fellow.
Better stand up when Yogi talks to you.
Mets
8½
He's got a helluva strike zone. They'll curve him to death. Big fellow. Can he live on the $6 a day eating money?
Six dollars? Sir, he spills that much.

We'll have to knock down a wall at the hotel so he can have a roommate. What position does he play, Tim?
Outfield. All three fields. At the same time.
9th PLACE OR BUST!
PLEEZE TRADE ME OUT...
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO ELVIN CHACON?
Mets
Let's see what he can do.
Hey, clubhouse. Suit up Samson here. Give him uniforms number 19, 12, 3 and 7.
Hey, Hooks. Get out there and throw a few past Samson here.
Mets
Okay, now let's see what he can do with a bat in his hands.
That's right, Samson. They don't allow punch-ball in the big leagues. Grab a stick. What's that you got there?
ROSIN
A jawbone of an ass.
A jawbone of a...? Boy, I think we got ourselves another kookie kid.
Okay, forget hitting for a moment. Let's see you run.
Mets
Good. Okay, come back.
COME BACK!!!
Look, phone ahead and have someone stop him. He looks promising, the way he smashed right through the bleacher wall. Ah, here he comes back now.
PASS ON LEFT

He says he's a pretty good glove man.

We'll see. Clubhouse, get him a glove. Look at those mitts.

Clubhouse, get four more gloves for Samson here. Right, one for each finger.

Yogi, he's catching them with his bare hand!!!

He's a Met. Samson, you're starting tomorrow against the Philadelphia Philistines.

He's pleased, Yogi. I can tell by the way he's snorting and squeezing the pillars of the grandstand.

Get me Magruder, vice president of public relations. We'll have to send out some stories on the new boy.

SECTION 4B

Oh, Magruder. Meet Samson.

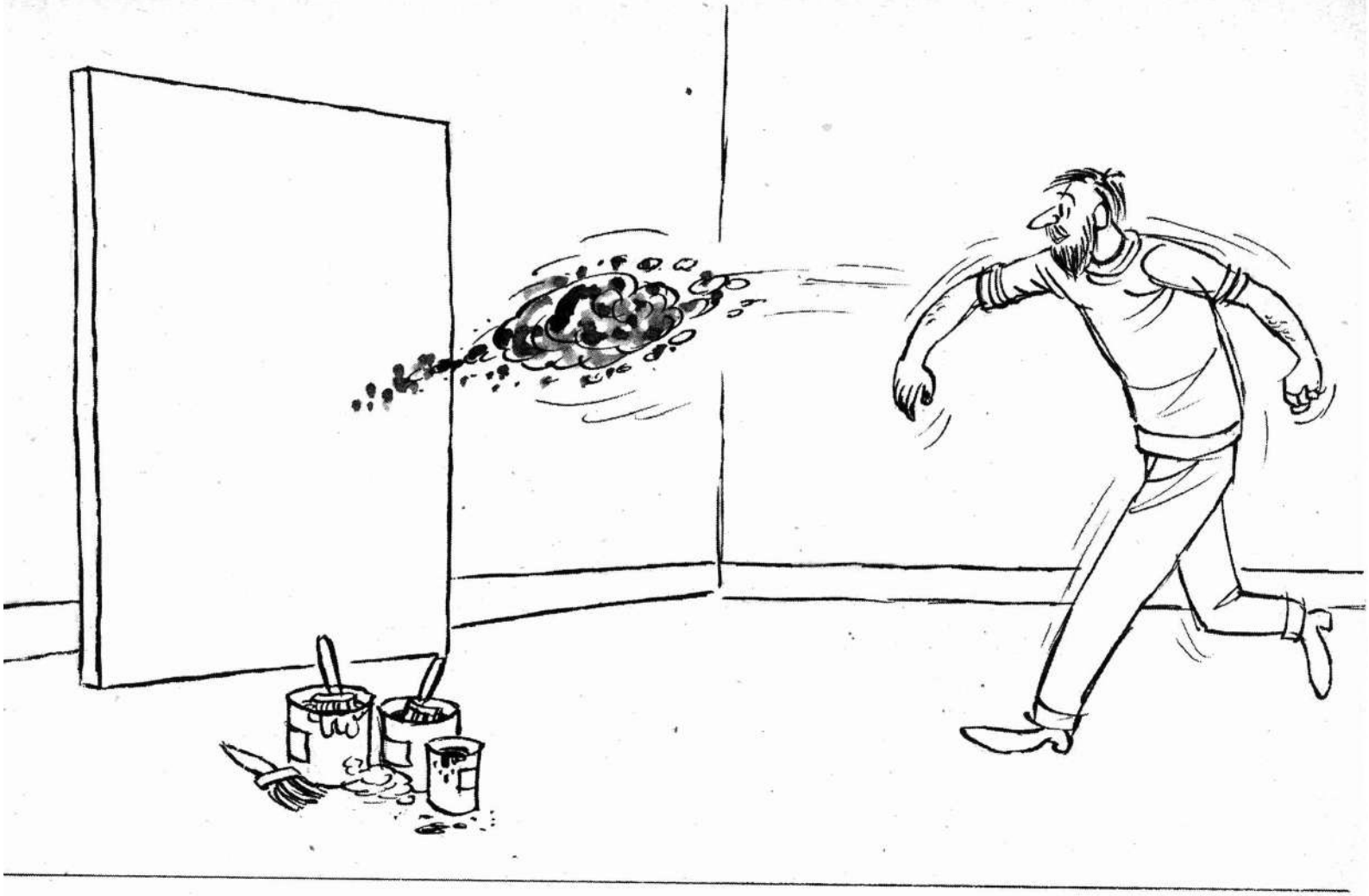
How you doing, Sam baby. You're a sweet kid, but I don't like that outfit. The leopard skin suit and sandals got to go. You have to fit the Met image. We'll get you one of those Madison Avenue shiny suits.

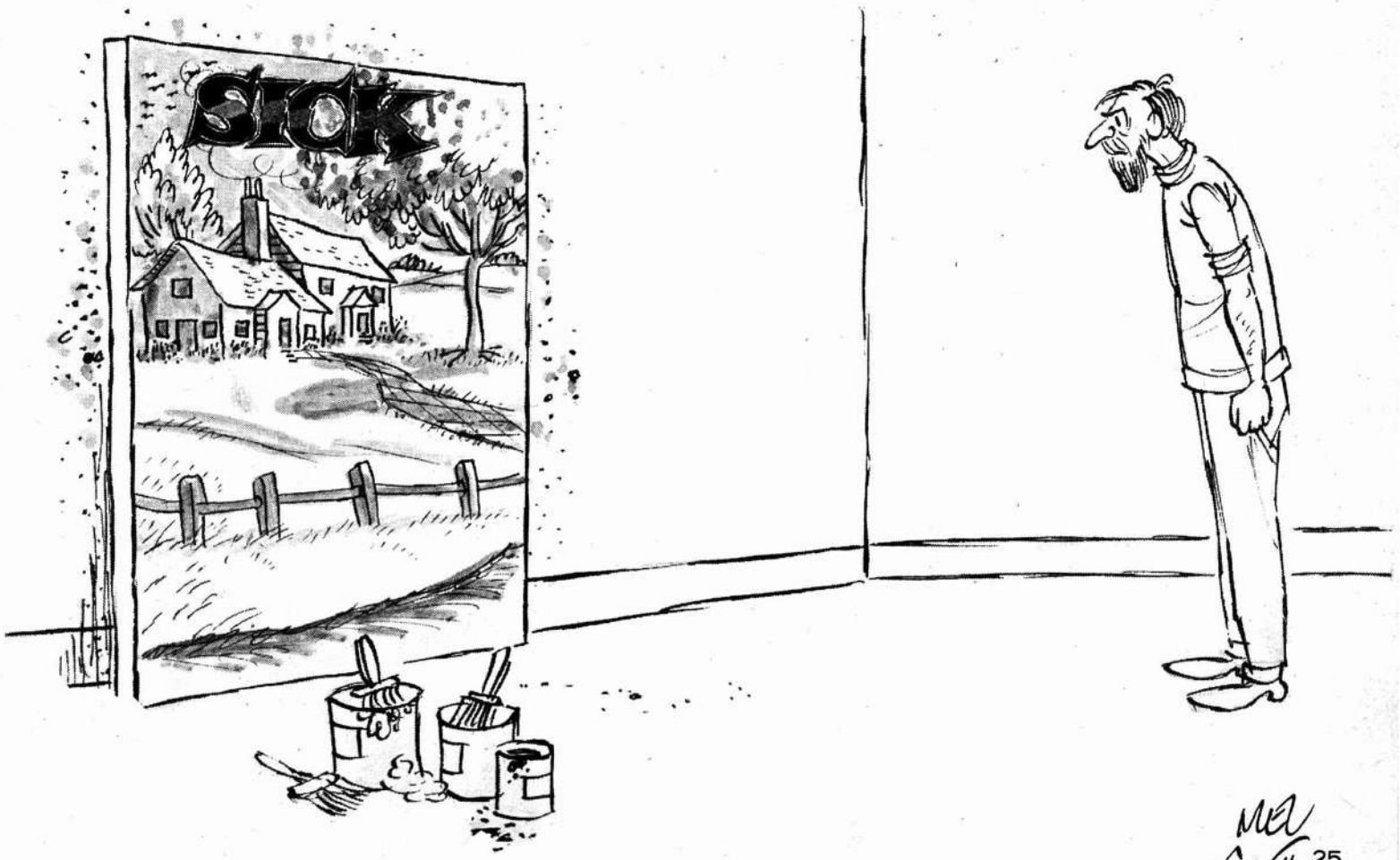
Hey, Threadbare. Think you can tailor one of those sleek suits for our new boy here?

He's big territory. I'll have to farm out the sleeves.

That's okay, just sharpen him up. Oh, and one more thing, Sam baby. The hair. Got to go. Clubhouse, take him down to Tony Delilah's barber shop and get those locks clipped .....we'll make a Met out of him.....

And so they did. Without hair, Samson never even hit one out of the infield.....a real New York Met.



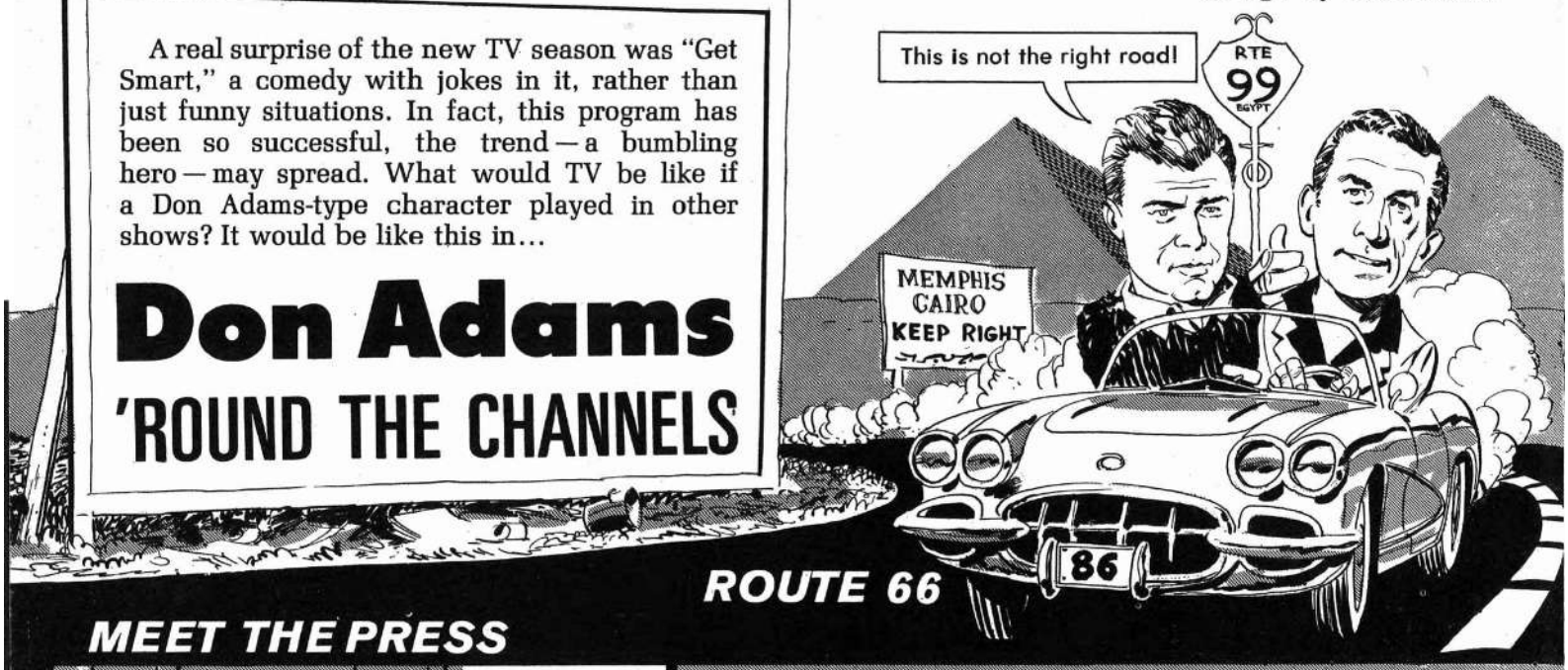


MEL SCOTT 25

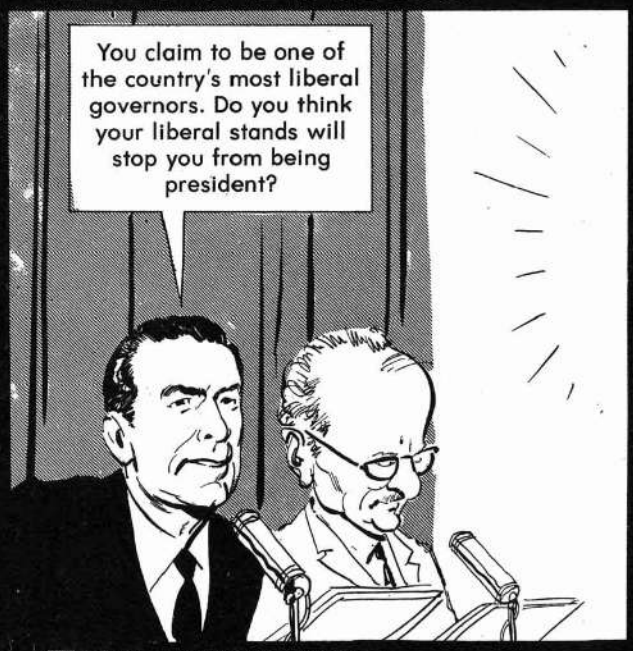
Art by Angelo Torres
Script by Jim Atkins

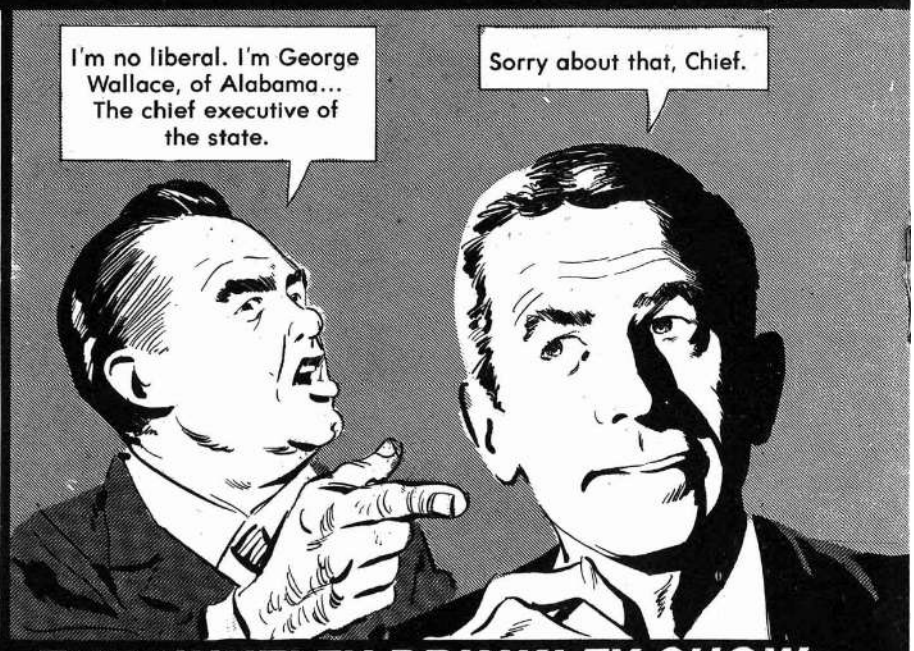
A real surprise of the new TV season was "Get Smart," a comedy with jokes in it, rather than just funny situations. In fact, this program has been so successful, the trend—a bumbling hero—may spread. What would TV be like if a Don Adams-type character played in other shows? It would be like this in...

Don Adams 'ROUND THE CHANNELS



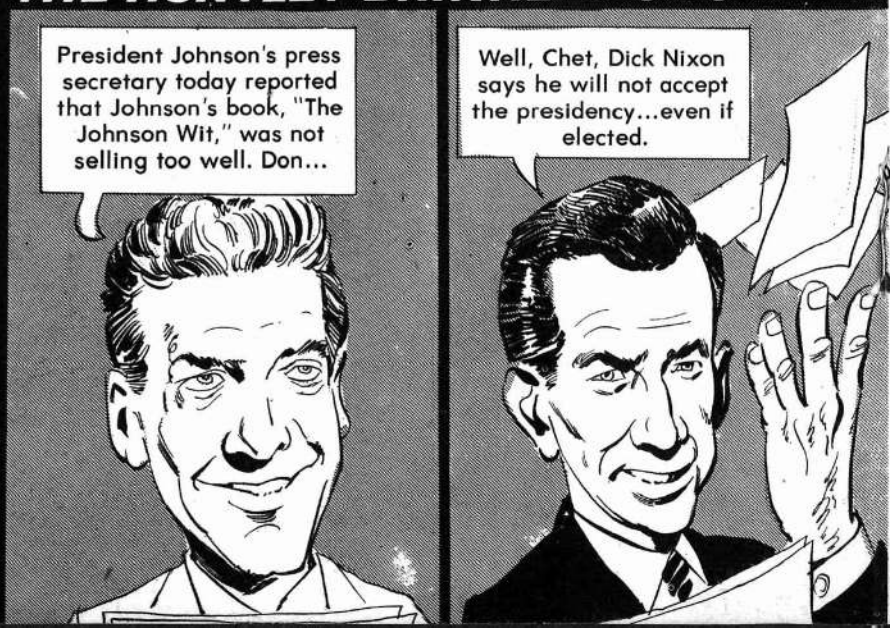
MEET THE PRESS


You claim to be one of the country's most liberal governors. Do you think your liberal stands will stop you from being president?



THE FUGITIVE

THE HUNTLEY BRINKLEY SHOW


President Johnson's press secretary today reported that Johnson's book, "The Johnson Wit," was not selling too well. Don...
Well, Chet, Dick Nixon says he will not accept the presidency...even if elected.

That's how some shows would look if Don Adams, or a similar bumbling hero took over. What is next. They might even take a marine...Call him Gomer Pyle...No that wouldn't catch on. But what if Don Adams did the Ed Sullivan Show?

THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW

Tonight on our really big show, we have that great juggler, Alan King.

I mean that great Singer, Alan King.

PERRY MASON

Judge, my client could not have committed this murder. The firing pin of the so-called murder gun has been filed off and this gun won't even fire. I'll show you.

Sorry about that, Judge.

QUEEN FOR A DAY

Yes, we are getting you a date with Rock Hudson... because you are Queen for a Day.

Sorry about that, Sir!

BEN CASEY

Dr. Adams...I told you this was the wrong patient...He came here for a brain operation and you took out his gall bladder!

Sorry about that, chief.

MOVIE SPOOF

"WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?" is a film that has nothing to do with cats. Based on the premise that the best defense is a good criminal lawyer, the picture details numerous assorted romps, hugs, fondles, kisses and what-have-you? And for what you have after the picture is over, we suggest you see a specialist.

Peter Sellers is here again, playing a psychiatrist who is playing the field; Peter O'Toole is on hand — not on his own — and so is Woody Allen, who does the ham-on-wry bit to perfection.

The girls, with whom O'Toole has a field day — and his nights aren't bad either — are, in order of their measurements: Ursula Andress, known familiarly as Ursula Undress; Romy Schneider, Capucine and Paula Prentiss.

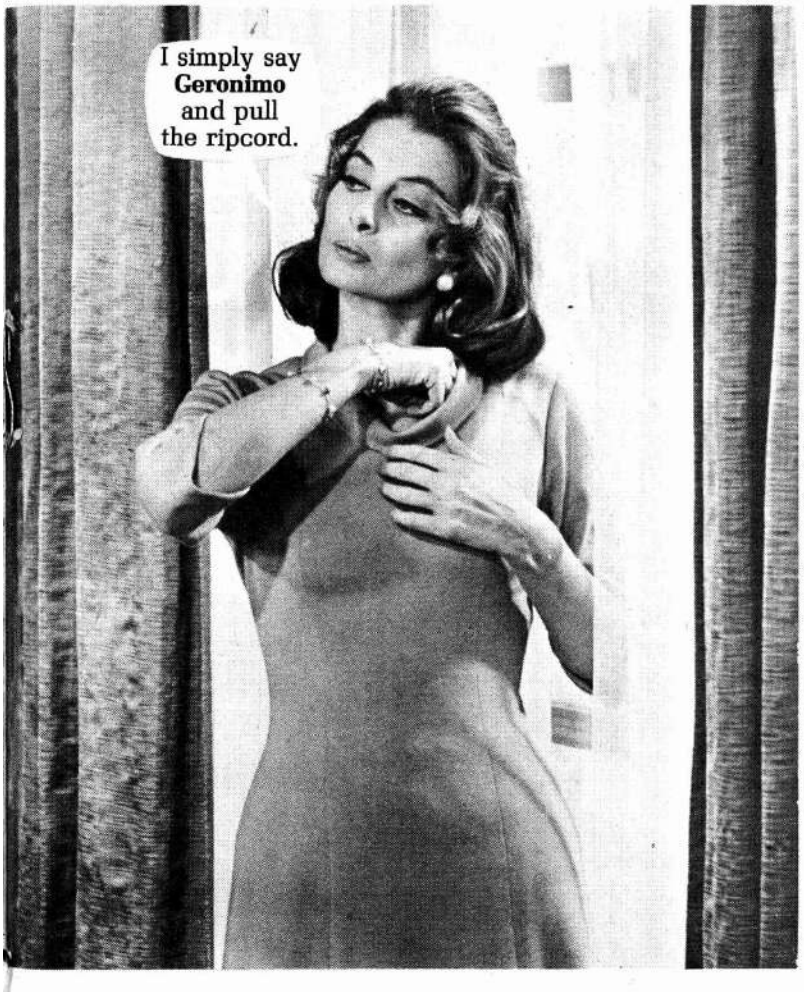
The picture was produced by Charles K. Feldman, directed by Clive Donner in Technicolor (the film is in Technicolor, not Clive) and was released through United Artists, when they were looking the other way.

Entire theme of picture is depicted here — frustration by some, happy times by others. As you can see, Peter O'Toole is no fool. He is kissing Romy Schneider who has just washed her lips and can't do a thing with them. With Schneider, critics agreed, there's no Romy for improvement — she's tops. Romy is O'Toole's impatient fiancee. In the end there is a marriage. Woody Allen and the banana live happily ever after. And they say mixed marriages don't last.

by Bill Majeski

Peter Sellers plays only one role in this picture. As a result, many people got confused. He's a frustrated lover, who is married to a woman who is so fat she has zone numbers. Peter gets his vicarious thrills from O'Toole's antics. Later, he gets his vicarious antics from O'Tool's thrills. Here he satisfies himself by chewing on his pacifier — a rose. He was hoping to get Four Roses, but the saloon keeper got mad when Peter said: "When my wife tries to beat me up, I liquor." Actually, Peter met his wife at a wrestling match. She won two out of three. She lost on points to King Kong.

Here's another step on Peter O'Toole's stairway to paradise. She is carrying one of the new safety aids for woman. She blows it and it gives off an alarm whenever a man does **not** annoy her. The sound can only be heard by tall men. Here, Peter O'Toole responds to the sound, described by listeners as being like the mating call of a piccolo. Peter, who visits the psychiatrist because women find him irresistable, holds tight to the girl because he wants to get to the root of his problems.



Yes, folks, it's banking hours for Capucine, and she keeps her money where it will draw the most interest. Mystery portion of the film comes later when her bank is robbed and there are no fingerprints. Capucine plays a disappointed wife. She's disappointed because the robber left no fingerprints. Apparently he knew the right combination. O'Toole, Allen, Sellers and a wild assortment of girls now get together for rousing time at a hotel resort known for its high rates and low transoms.

It's visiting hours and this quartet is doing its best to get O'Toole back on his feet. Using the shoulder-and-thigh grip, Ursula appeals to O'Toole's logic. Next to Ursula is O'Toole's intended, Romy. Just what she intended was never brought out. Standing behind the bed are Capucine and Paula Prentiss, the kookie stripper whose mind falls apart. Well, that's the way the kookie crumbles. Does Peter O'Toole rid himself of all these girls? As the psychiatrist says, "it's just a question of mind over mattress."

Sick Sick Sick World

Script by Jim Atkins

Art by Charles Berger

"There is a fine line between genius and insanity; I have erased that line."

Isn't that wilde? No, it's Levant. And it's all from Oscar Levant's biography, "The Memoirs of an Amnesiac." Here are more samples:

"My behavior is impeccable; I've been unconscious for the past six months."

"Zsa Zsa is the only lady who ever left the iron curtain wearing it."

"When I was young I looked like Al Capone. But I lacked his compassion."

Levant has proposed a movie based on his memoirs and thinks Rosalind Russell would be great in the title role, if she weren't so masculine. Ralph Edwards wanted to have Levant on "This Is Your Life," but couldn't find a friend.

Abel Green, Editor of "Variety," has called the book a "rich reprise of an era when the mots were not only bon but, in many respects, juste...a book to keep readers well awake."

This book, by a man who describes himself as "a mental basket case," is the best thing that ever happened to Levant fans since he was hit by 18 shock treatments.

PAN VISION
the OSCAR STORY
MEMORIES OF OSCAR LEVANT
WITH A CAST OF A MILLION AND ONE SICK READERS ETC.
TO OSCAR FROM OSCAR
CHICAGO
NEW YORK
Charles Berger
BEACH BEAUTY 1903
MY DECISIONS
MEMORIES OF A LONELY BOYHOOD by ROBERT KENNEDY
GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY by Little Orphan Annie
EUROPE ON A DOLLAR A DAY by ADAM CLAYTON POWELL

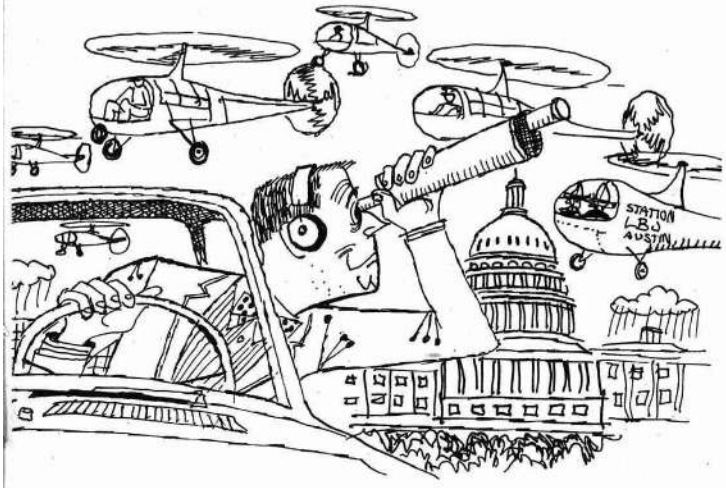
DISCIPLINE, ETC....Lee Meriwether, of St. Louis, is 101-years-old. He told a Washington newspaper that he attributes his long life to the fact that he did not touch wine, or tobacco, or women until he was 14 years old.

TONGUE IN MOUTH DEPT....Judge: "Why did you strike your dentist?" Patient-criminal: "He got on my nerves."

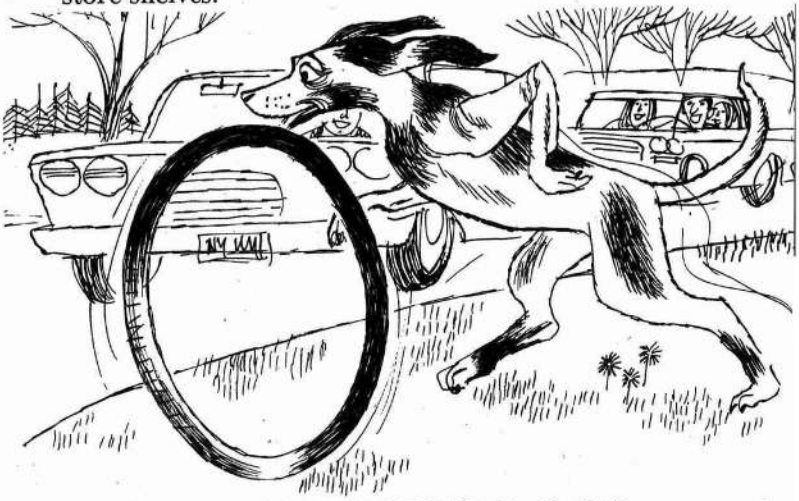
STUPID GAME DEPT....Comedian Morey Amsterdam has started a new (by now it's old)gunning gag. This time it's thin books. Here are a few of the thinnest books so far: "Memoirs of a Lonely Boyhood," by Robert Kennedy; "War Heroes of Italy;" "Growing Old Gracefully," by Little Orphan Annie; "Europe on a Dollar a Day," by Adam Clayton Powell, and "My Decisions," by Dwight D. Eisenhower.

WITTY SAYINGS...The only place young people haven't staged a sit-in is at home...Where does a wise man hide a leaf? Answer: In the forest..

ARF, ARF. That's the name of a new dog food. Arf, the Dog Food Dogs Ask for by Name. Soon on the store shelves.



WANT AD...Wanted, announcer for Washington radio station. Man with telescope to drive around town in two-way radio car and report on helicopter congestion.



A NEW YORK TIMES STORY...North Bellmore, L.I.—A dog stopped traffic on the Southern State Parkway when he wheeled a bicycle tire across the roadway...he disappeared into the trees, still rolling.

You read about all the students (20 million) who signed up with *Operation Match* in order to have a computer find them a perfect mate.

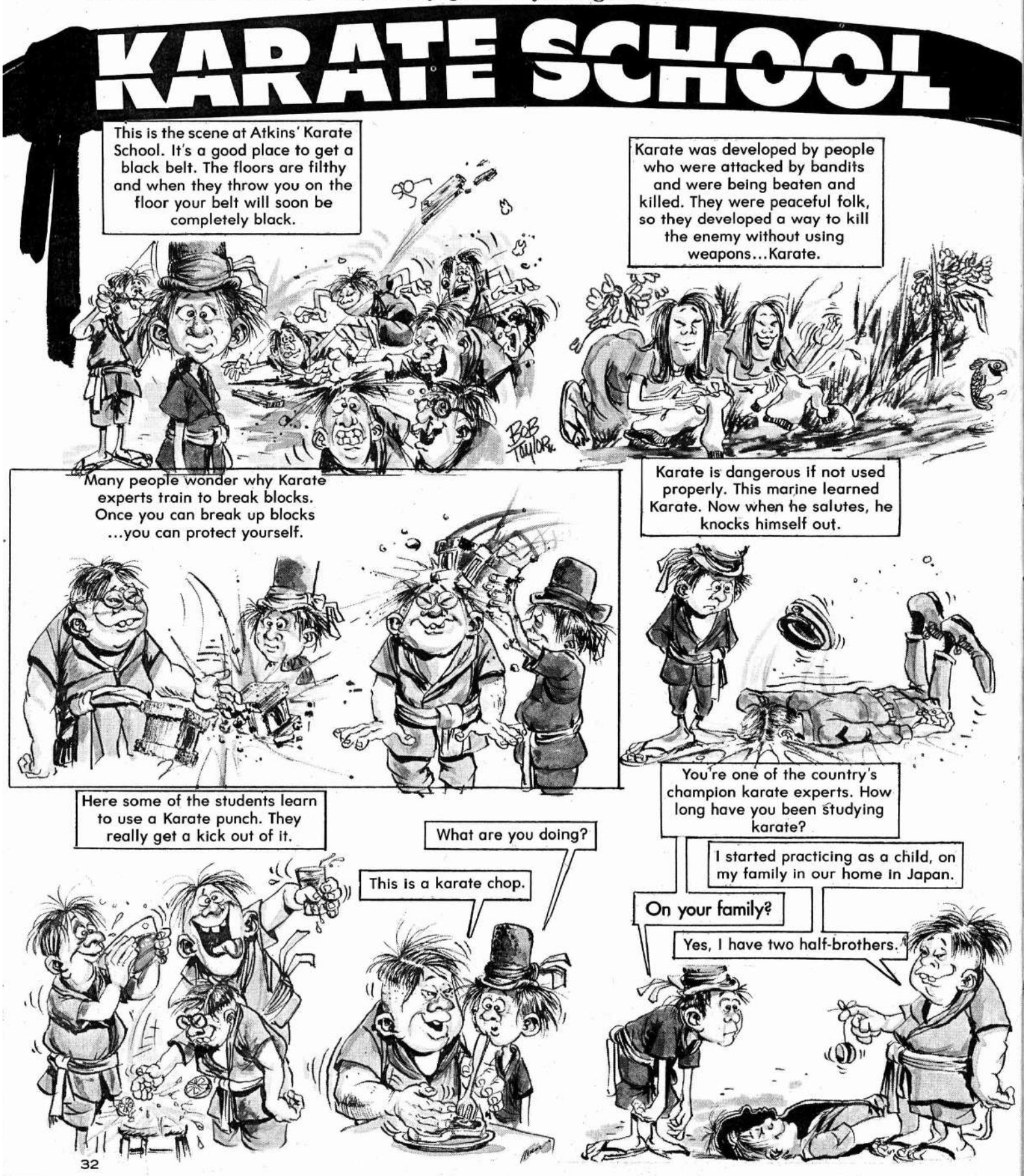
Now, a new organization has been formed to find compatible dates for college students. It's *CRET-A-DATE*, and it matches students by analyzing their humor quotient.

Here's the way it works. You write CRET-A-DATE for a humor quotient form. The address: 4323 32nd Rd., South, Arlington, Va. Fill out the form and return it to the organization and they will determine your humor quotient and match you with compatible partners. It's the fad that is sweeping the country.

The basis of the analysis is that when you laugh, you lay open your subconscious. Many humorists believe that your humor quotient is an accurate way of determining your personality traits.

In these days of the seated worker, more and more people are turning to hobbies which force them to exercise. A very popular hobby, of both men and women, is karate. Many folks say they really get a belt out of it. Many comedians have said this, too. Enough of this idle talk. Here's Huckleberry Fink to take us on a guided tour of Atkins' Karate School. We think you'll get a kick out of this.

KARATE SCHOOL

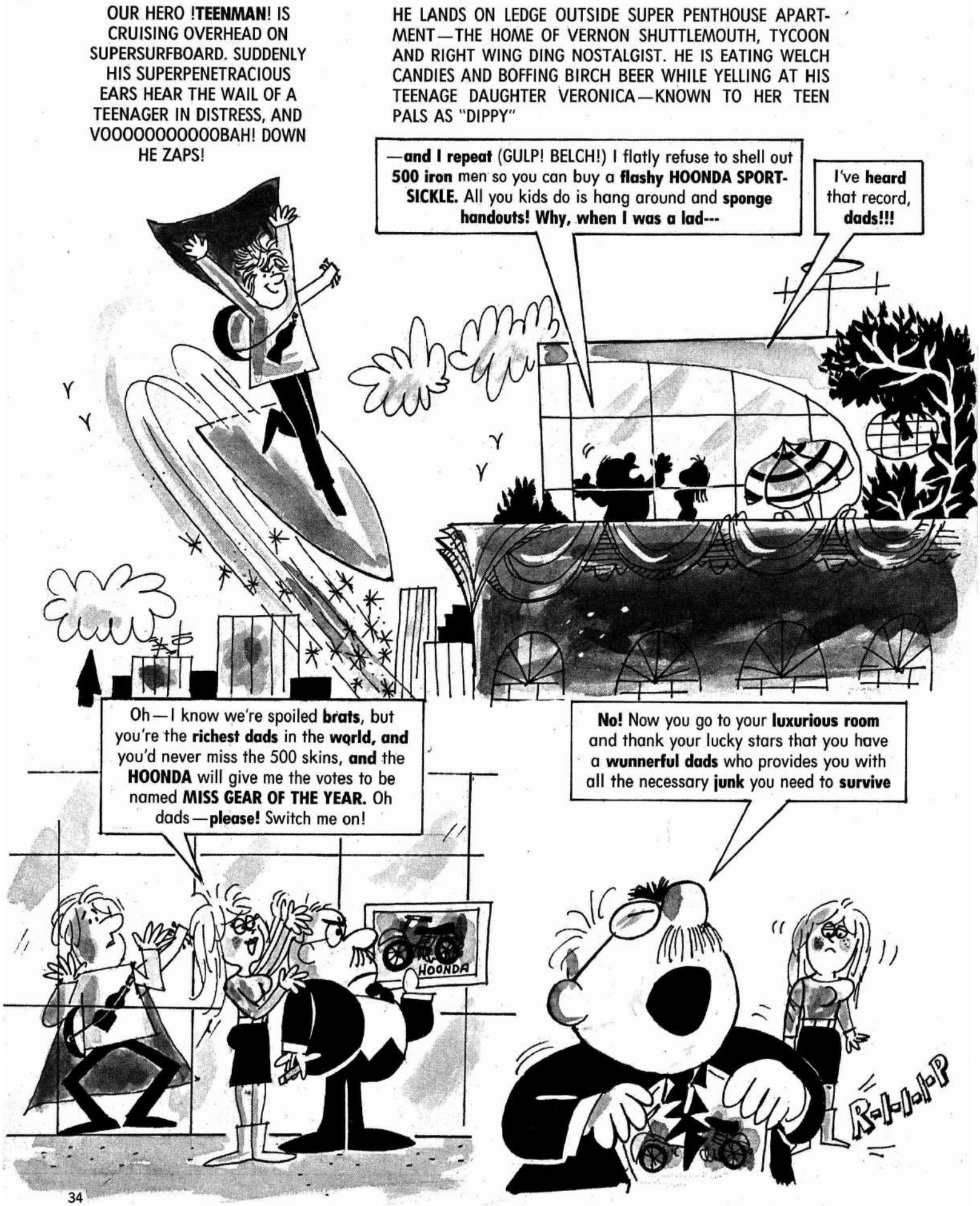

This is the scene at Atkins' Karate School. It's a good place to get a black belt. The floors are filthy and when they throw you on the floor your belt will soon be completely black.
Karate was developed by people who were attacked by bandits and were being beaten and killed. They were peaceful folk, so they developed a way to kill the enemy without using weapons...Karate.
Many people wonder why Karate experts train to break blocks. Once you can break up blocks ...you can protect yourself.
Karate is dangerous if not used properly. This marine learned Karate. Now when he salutes, he knocks himself out.
Here some of the students learn to use a Karate punch. They really get a kick out of it.
What are you doing?
This is a karate chop.
You're one of the country's champion karate experts. How long have you been studying karate?
I started practicing as a child, on my family in our home in Japan.
On your family?
Yes, I have two half-brothers.

!TEENMAN!

Script by Bob Elliott Art by Howard Beckerman

YES! ON HIS SUPER SURFBOARD, with his *MAGIC FLASH DOUBLE POW GITTAR!*, !TEENAMAN! has arrived —and just in time—from the Teen Planet of NOILLEBER to take up your fight. With his battlecry of "!NAM-*NEET!*" ringing through the ozone, he is pledged to help all teenagers in their never-ending fight against The Old Fogeys and The Old Coots.

Faster than a snappy saying! Able to leap tall cliches at a bound! Crushing stale ideas with his bare hands! Able to make himself invisible! Ye, this Marvel of The Super Supreem Age screeeeeeeeeches to the rescue of hung-up, strung-out Teens everywhere, and as he SUPER SURFS down, down, down, from the Fragiplastic Ozone, clanging wild beats on his *SUPER BLAM! POW! MAGIC! GITTAR*, you'll know he's on his way to help you, because he LOVES EVERY DARLING, DARLING ONE OF YOU! *SO.....SWITCH ON!* REMEMBER, when YOU can't see *HIM*—that's when *HE*'s watching *YOU!*


OUR HERO !**TEENMAN**! IS CRUISING OVERHEAD ON SUPERSURFBOARD. SUDDENLY HIS SUPERPENETRACIOUS EARS HEAR THE WAIL OF A TEENAGER IN DISTRESS, AND VOOOOOOOOOOOBAH! DOWN HE ZAPS!
HE LANDS ON LEDGE OUTSIDE SUPER PENTHOUSE APARTMENT—THE HOME OF VERNON SHUTTLEMOUTH, TYCOON AND RIGHT WING DING NOSTALGIST. HE IS EATING WELCH CANDIES AND BOFFING BIRCH BEER WHILE YELLING AT HIS TEENAGE DAUGHTER VERONICA—KNOWN TO HER TEEN PALS AS "DIPPY"
—**and I repeat** (GULP! BELCH!) I flatly refuse to shell out **500 iron** men so you can buy a **flashy HOONDA SPORTSICKLE.** All you kids do is hang around and **sponge handouts! Why, when I was a lad---**
I've **heard** that record, **dads!!!**
Oh—I know we're spoiled **brats**, but you're the **richest dads** in the **world, and** you'd never miss the 500 skins, **and** the **HOONDA** will give me the votes to be named **MISS GEAR OF THE YEAR.** Oh dads—**please!** Switch me on!
No! Now you go to your **luxurious room** and thank your lucky stars that you have a **wunnerful dads** who provides you with all the necessary **junk** you need to **survive**
HOONDA
R-r-r-r-r-r-P

Gad! I hope nobody spots me! Rather awkward for a SUPREEM HERO to be caught as a Peeping Tom!
SOB! FRUSTRATE! HATE! KILL! MUTTFR!
Oh why must dear dads be such an Old Fogey? Is there no help for super-greedy, spoiled little me in this hour of need?
CRASH!
HOLY HULLABALOO, BABAY! Who ARE you? All done up in that MOD, DRAG? And the shiny GITTAR and sexy SURFPIECE? And HOW did you make it up to the 210th floor?
Dippy, my cute little teenage friend! Nevar fear, I am !TEENMAN! I have zapped down from the Teen Planet of NOILLEBER, to give aid and assistance to you and all teens.
WOWEE! A HERO! And do you ever look neat and keen! And DIFFERENT, baby!
I'm made of synthetics and a multiple number of gases, and am therefore a SUPER GAS! I can do anything in an instant, and am capable of total invisibility. Now— what's your prob?

Oh—my prob is hopeless! !**TEENMAN**! baby! My old fashioned, stuffy dads won't let me have a lousy **500 skins** for a **HOONDA SPORT-SICKLE.** All he thinks of is money. He HATES me—just like all Old Fogeys **hate teenagers!**
Sometimes I can't blame them!
Many of you are **bratty and spoiled**! But you have a **heart of gold,** Dippy! **WE WILL WIN!** With my SUPER SUPREEM POWERS! First—we attack from within. Now—**THINK!** What kind of **talk** do Old Fogeys listen to?
Golly Ned, TEEN-BABY—they listen to **OLD FOGEY TALK!**
RIGHT! Now here's my plan!
Oh goody! I'll get my HOONDA, and get even with **OLD FOGEY DADS!**
Remember—I'll be right beside you—**invisible**, and doing the **talking**! And now—Let's **GO! GO! GO!**
MEANWHILE, FAR ACROSS TOWN IN A DINGY WATER-FRONT LOFT THAT IS THE COVER FOR THE LUXURIOUS THO RICH HEADQUARTERS OF THE OLD FOGEYS, WE FIND AMOS CURMUDGEON—CHIEF OLD FOGEY—AND HIS SECRETARY—HENCHMAN, CROTCHET. THEY ARE DEEP IN CONVERSATION WITH THE VILE AND ODIOUS DR. TLUDA, BLACK ANGEL OF NOILLEBER—EXPELLED FROM THE PLANET FOR ATTEMPTING TO OVERTHROW THE TEEN GOVERNMENT. CRUEL, UN-SCRUPULOUS, AND WITH A BURNING HATRED FOR TEENAGERS, HE HAS LANDED ON EARTH TO CONTINUE HIS NEFARIOUS JOB OF CRUSHING TEENAGERS.
Glad to have you aboard, Dr. Tluda. We can use your evil genius, for the Teen Menace is growing every day. But my campaign to smear them is growing too. Right, Crochet.
The teen's power comes from TV and advertising—**and** dopey parents.
Your earth, Amos, is a wonderful place for Old Fogeys. I did right in coming here after observing you as I orbited in space. I see a happy, evil future in completely crushing the Teenagers.

I'm buying up all TV time to push Old Fogey products.
Powerful friends are going to pass a law forbidding teens to possess money.
Which will ruin their buying power and **destroy them.**
SUPER FANTAB!
But you realize you're under one terrific disadvantage. You Old Fogeys have made a mess of the world.
True, but it's made us **rich**! Besides, we have a plan in which we twist facts to show that **teenagers** started the **Viet Nam** war.
MARVOPULOUS! But— there still lurks a **frightening** menace that may well **defeat** your plans!
!TEENMAN! WITH AN EXCLAMATION POINT IN FRONT OF HIS NAME AS WELL AS IN BACK OF IT!
YES, !**TEENMAN**! The ruler of **NOILLEBER,** the Teen Planet who swore he would come to earth to aid Teenagers! At this moment he may be among us, with his **DOUBLE POW!** BLAM! GITTAR, HIS MAGIC POWERS AND HIS **WINNING WAYS!**
Holy mackerel, kingfish! How to avert this **disaster!**
Listen closely, Old Fogeys. I have a **plan**!
MEANWHILE, BACK AT SHUTTLEMOUTH'S APARTMENT, WE FIND DIPPY, WITH THE INVISIBLE! TEENMAN! BESIDE HER, TALKING TO HER DADS. ! TEENMAN! SPEAKS FOR HER IN HER VOICE
—so you see, dads, the **new** HOONDA model will make the one I want obsolete which will triple your investment for a small cash outlay.
Spoken like a true Old Fogey!
Give me $500, and I'll put up my record collection for collateral. How does **that** grab you?
This change is marvelous, Dippy. You'll grow up to be a **real** stinker!
HARK! THE PHONE. **TROUBLE!** MY SHARPY VISION-FUNKEN TELLS ME IT'S **AMOS CURMUDGEON, KING OF THE COOTS!**

Hello? Amos, you Old Coot? **WHAT?** A SUPER BEING NAMED !TEEN-MAN!? And he has SUPER MAGIC powers to make teenage daughters talk like smart old coots!!
Your dads won't remember a thing when he wakes up!
ZZZ
But we have a real battle now, Dippy, for I fear I detect the sinister hand of **Dr. Tluda!**
Who he?
My arch-enemy from **NOILLEBER!** But—
I came from outer space with a **BANG** and a **POW,**
I'm going to help the teeners, baby, right here and now;
I'm going to fight the coots every day and every hour,
Strip them of their status and take away their power;
They've had a million chances which they've booted by the score,
Cause the sum of their accomplishments is A-bombs and a war;
So listen what I say Old Coots—you'd really better hitch on—
Or step aside and watch us go, cause baby this is Switch On!
Yeah Yeah Yeahyeahyeah!!!
LOOK! OVER THERE! A **CHOPPER!** ZEROING IN ON US!
CURSES! It's that arch fiend, **Dr. Tluda,** and his crafty dupe, **Amos Curmudgeon**! Fortunately, I have a **magnetic helio shield** around us, like they do in the toothpaste ads, and so we're **safe.**
ZAP
You've **won** the first round, you whippersnapper! But you and all the crummy teenagers are **DOOMED!** With the aid of THE SINISTER **DR. TLUDA,** WE'LL **FINISH YOU OFF!**
WOWEE! That was a close shave Dippy. We must stop those fiends! We must **GO! GO! GO!**
MY SUPER SUPREEM HEERO.

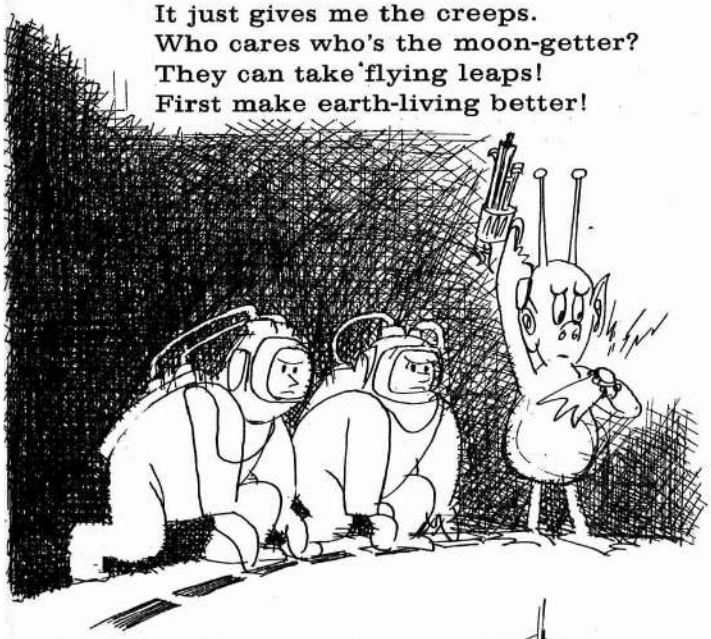
CAN IT BE THAT DIPPY IS FALLING IN LOVE WITH OUR HERO? A LOVE THAT CAN ONLY END IN HURT FOR THE CUTE LITTLE TYPICAL TEENAGER! DON'T MISS THE NEXT THRILL-PACKED CHAPTER OF *ITEENMAN!* IN WHICH HIS SUPREEM POWERS WILL BE PUT TO THE ACID TEST AS HE BATTLES CURMUDGEON AND DR. TLUDA IN

ITEENMAN! and The SENIOR CITIZENS

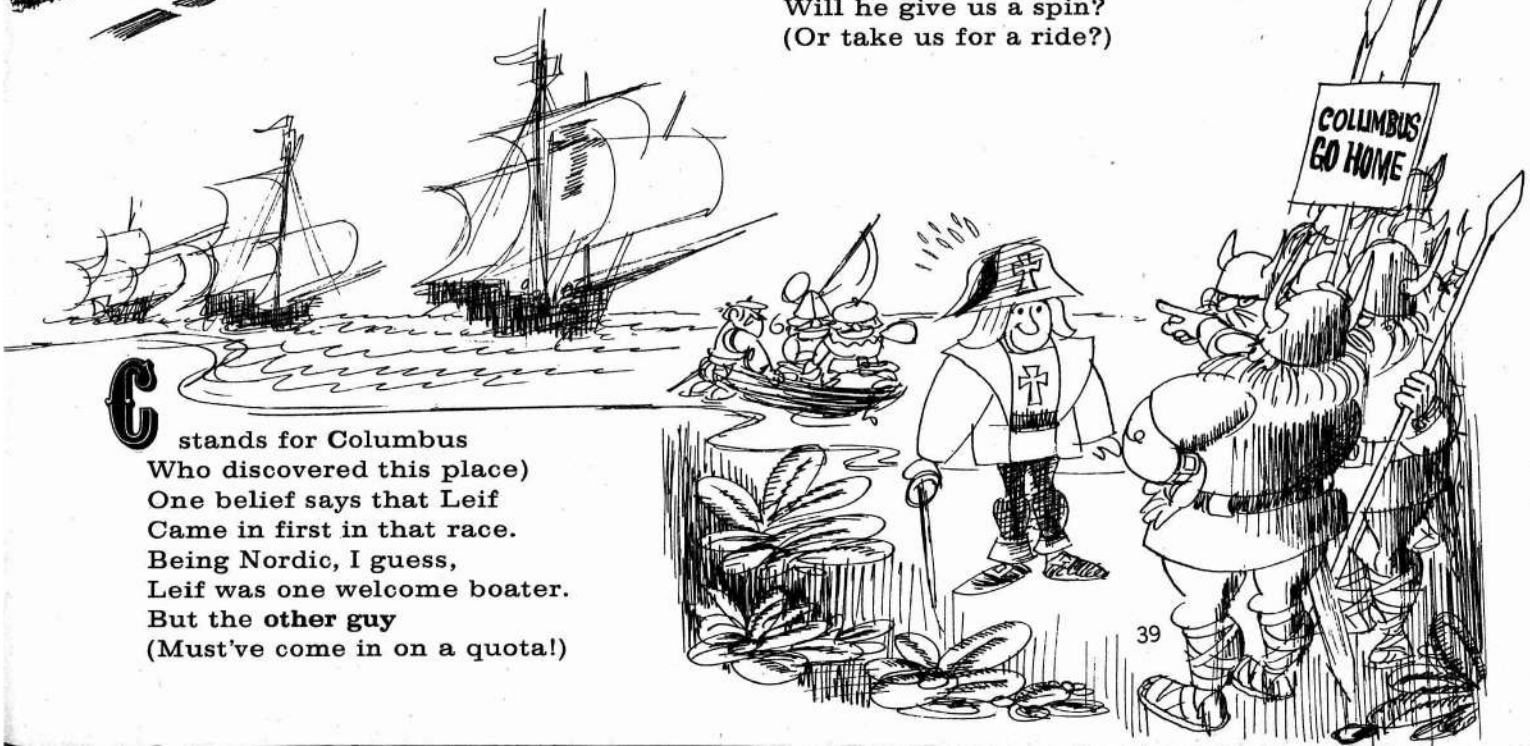
MORE Poems of the Great Society

Script by Fred Wolfe
Art by Arnold Franchioni

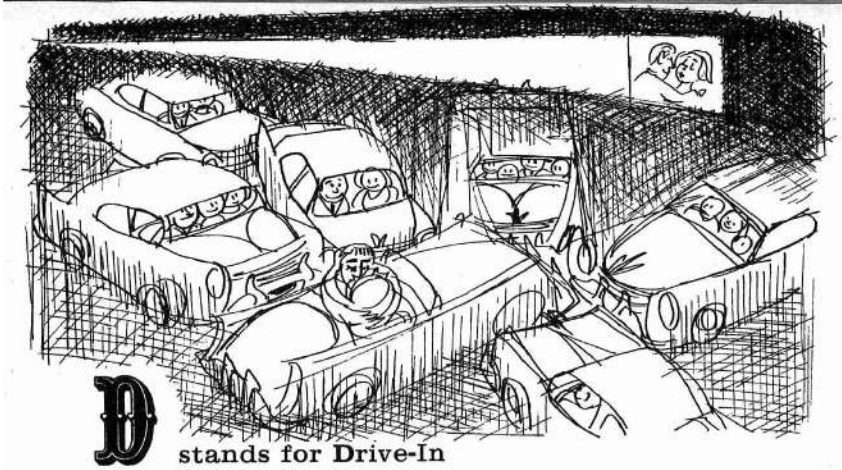
A stands for Astro
(Like in astronaut)
Both the Reds and U.S.
Want the moon for a port.
It just gives me the creeps.
Who cares who's the moon-getter?
They can take flying leaps!
First make earth-living better!



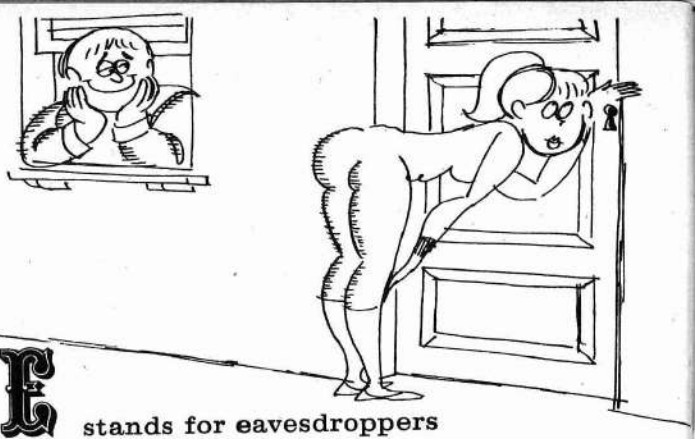
B stands for bandwagon
(What you climb aboard)
When election time comes
And your candidate's scored.
But, we rarely can tell
What the guy has inside.
Will he give us a spin?
(Or take us for a ride?)



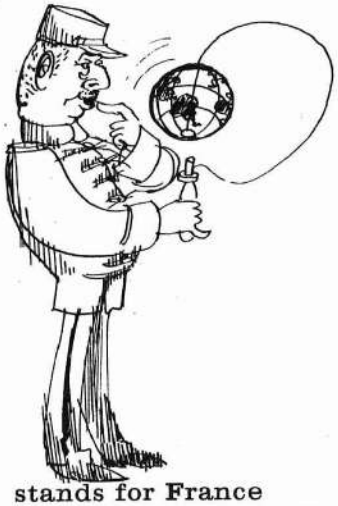
C stands for Columbus
Who discovered this place)
One belief says that Leif
Came in first in that race.
Being Nordic, I guess,
Leif was one welcome boater.
But the **other guy**
(Must've come in on a quota!)



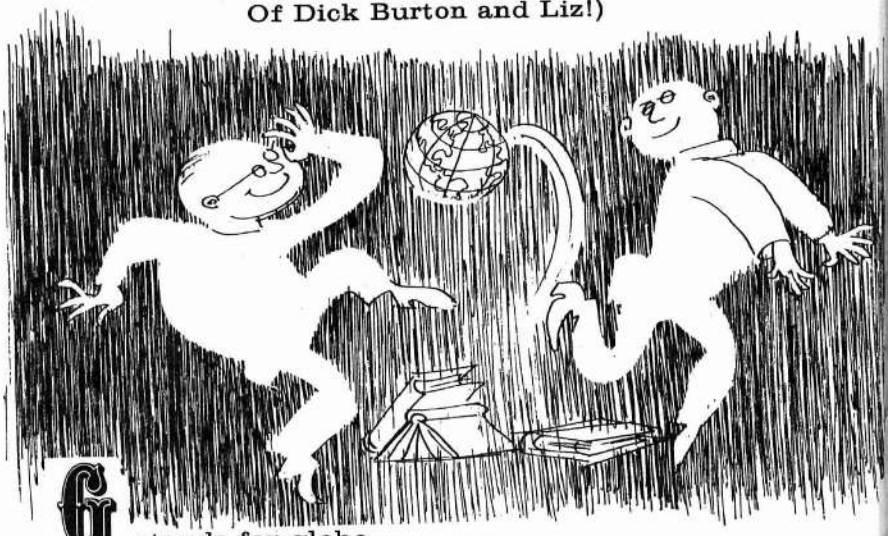
D stands for **Drive-In**
(An outdoor **affair**)
I don't use that word loosely
For the going's on there.
That show up on those screens
Is not the main attraction.
Watch that car with those teens!
(That's what I call **real** action!)



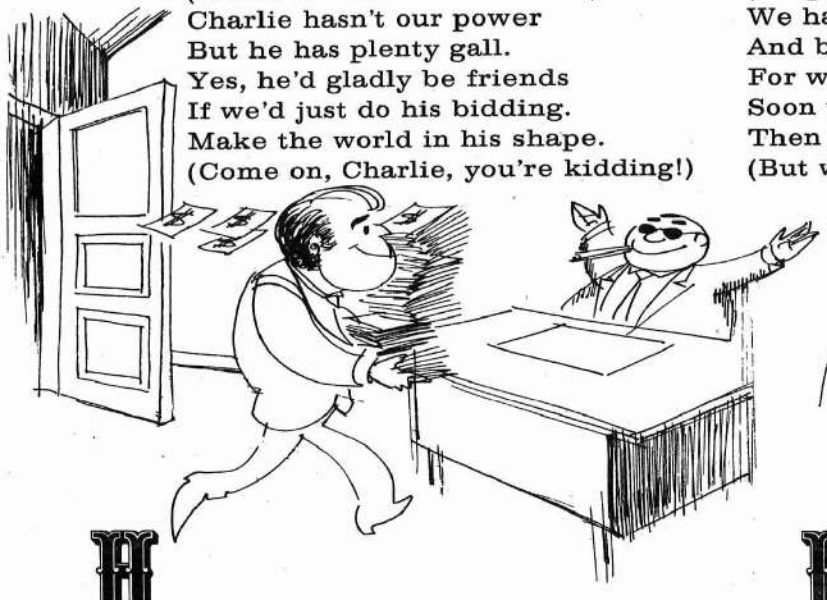
E stands for **eavesdroppers**
(Who install a wire-tap)
They make any home into
An electronic trap.
It's not cricket
But I'd like to mind someone's biz.
(My ear tuned to the bedroom
Of Dick Burton and Liz!)



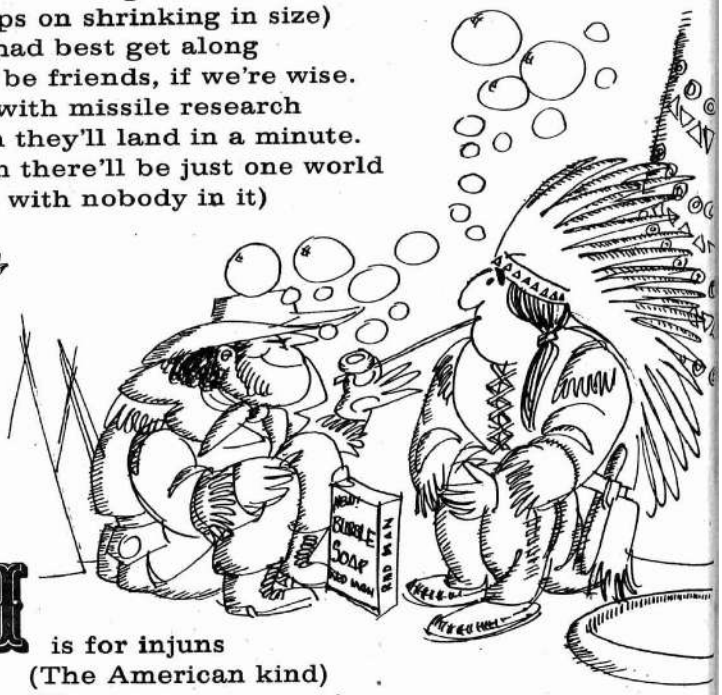
F stands for **France**
(Home of Charlie De Gaulle)
Charlie hasn't our power
But he has plenty gall.
Yes, he'd gladly be friends
If we'd just do his bidding.
Make the world in his shape.
(Come on, Charlie, you're kidding!)



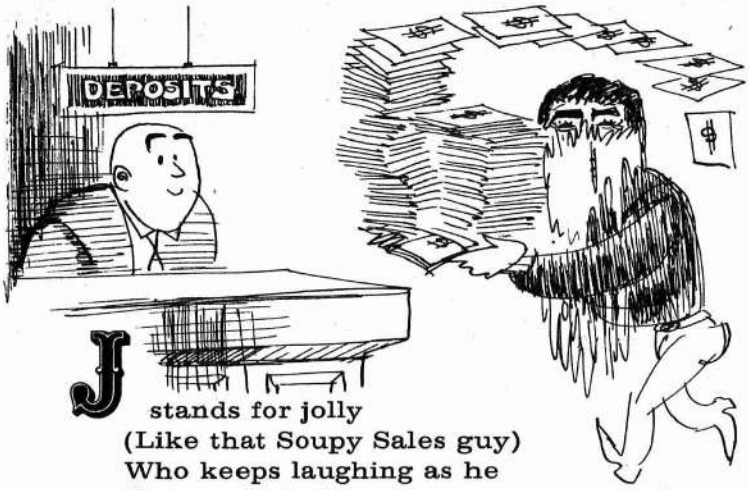
G stands for **globe**
(keeps on shrinking in size)
We had best get along
And be friends, if we're wise.
For with missile research
Soon they'll land in a minute.
Then there'll be just one world
(But with nobody in it)



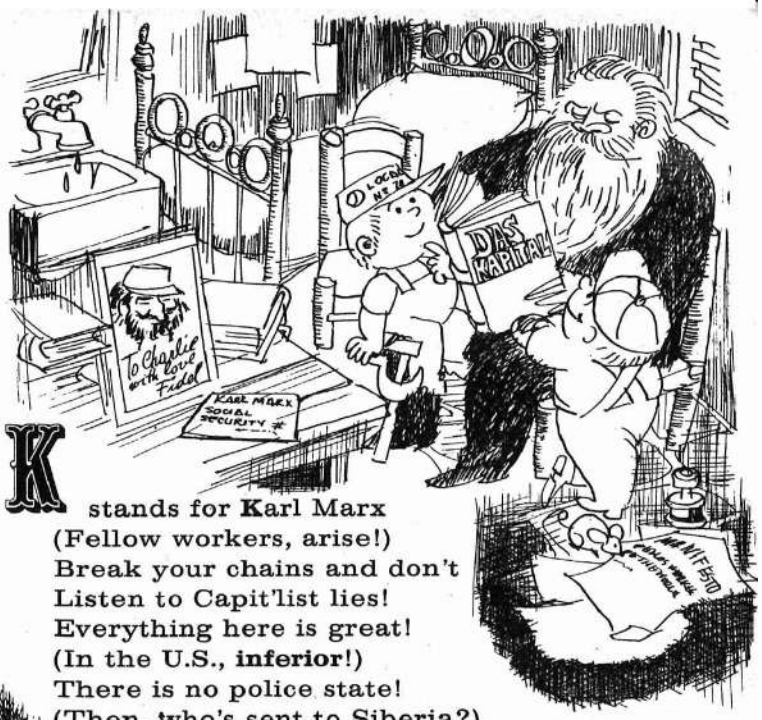
H stands for **Hoopla!**
(What press-agents do)
When they set out to peddle
Some movie to you.
They will spend a young fortune.
(Not **their** dough, those rat-finks!)
To convince **you** to spend
(On some picture that stinks!)



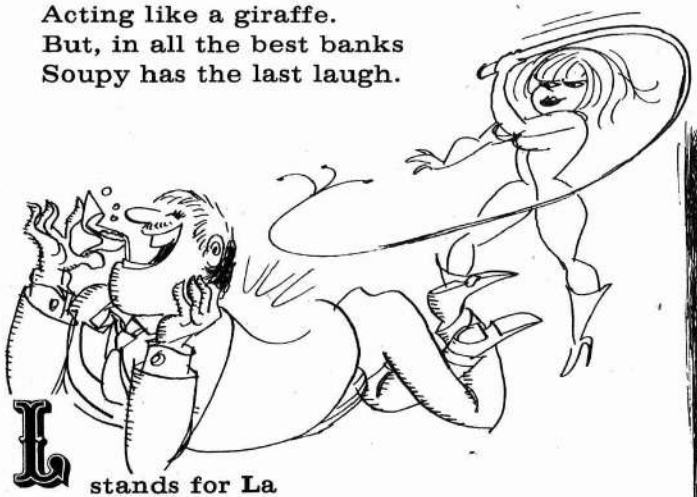
I is for **injuns**
(The American kind)
Who stay on reservations
'Cause we robbed them blind.
The reason they stay
In this pitiful station?
There's no Marshall Plan
For **this** defeated nation.



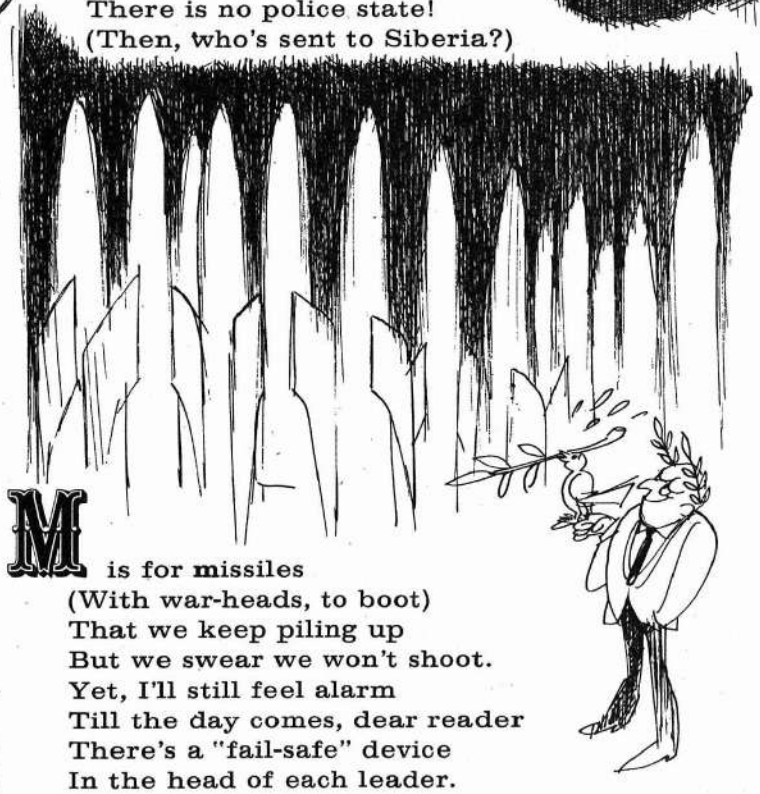
J stands for jolly
(Like that Soupy Sales guy)
Who keeps laughing as he
Gets a pie in the eye.
What a fool, say the cranks
Acting like a giraffe.
But, in all the best banks
Soupy has the last laugh.



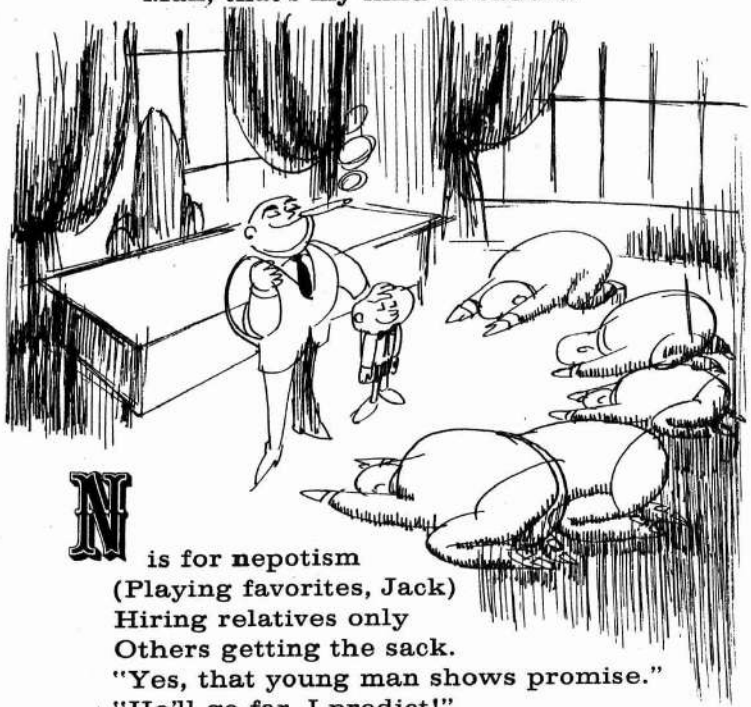
K stands for **K**arl Marx
(Fellow workers, arise!)
Break your chains and don't
Listen to Capit'list lies!
Everything here is great!
(In the U.S., **inferior**!)
There is no police state!
(Then, who's sent to Siberia?)



L stands for **La**
(Like in "La Dolce Vita")
A Marcello-type life
Brother, what could be sweeter?
Using girls for a horse
He would ride them a-straddle.
Keep your "Sea-Biscuit," boss!
Man, that's **my** kind of saddle!



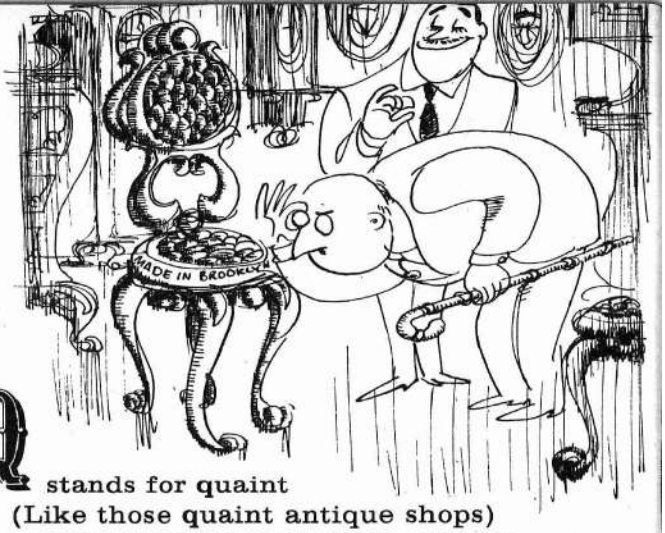
M is for **m**issiles
(With war-heads, to boot)
That we keep piling up
But we swear we won't shoot.
Yet, I'll still feel alarm
Till the day comes, dear reader
There's a "fail-safe" device
In the head of each leader.



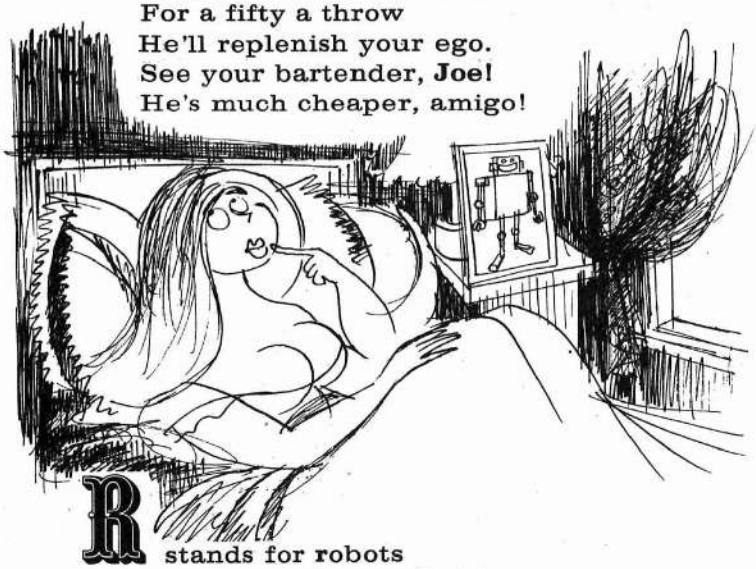
N is for **n**epotism
(Playing favorites, Jack)
Hiring relatives only
Others getting the sack.
"Yes, that young man shows promise."
"He'll go far, I predict!"
Great prediction, old man!
(It's your **son** that you picked)

O stands for **o**lives
(It's Martini-time, chaps!)
After five, guys imbibe
Till they nearly collapse.
Then, they drink on the train
As to home they commute.
Getting grey-flannel tongues
To match their grey suit.

P is for **psych.**
(Like a **psych**iatrist)
You see when you're depressed
Or you have a limp wrist.
For a fifty a throw
He'll replenish your ego.
See your bartender, **Joe!**
He's much cheaper, amigo!

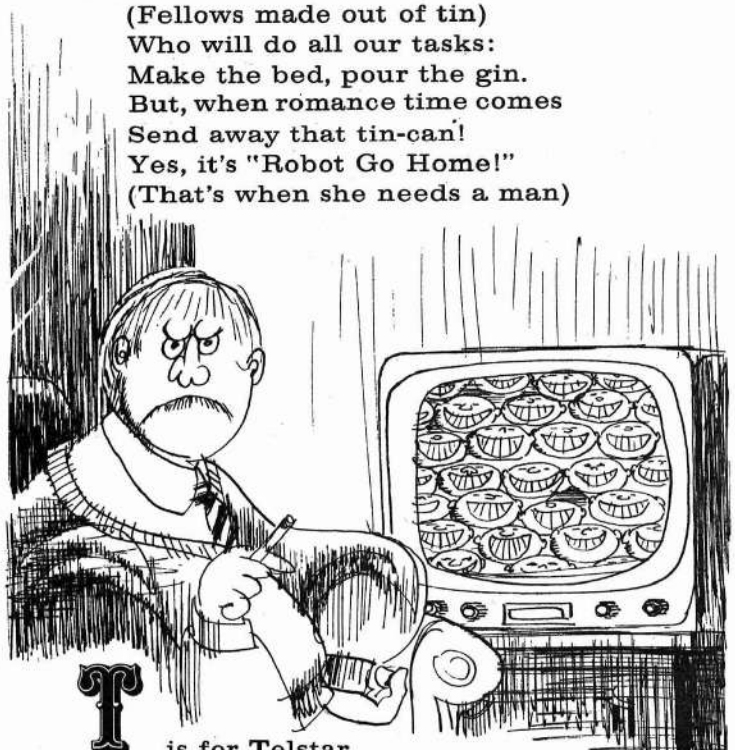


Q stands for **quaint**
(Like those **quaint** antique shops)
That's a place where you're robbed
But you don't call the cops.
For the people believe
Every piece is pure Louie.
Not Fourteenth, I'm afraid
Just the salesman's pure hooey.

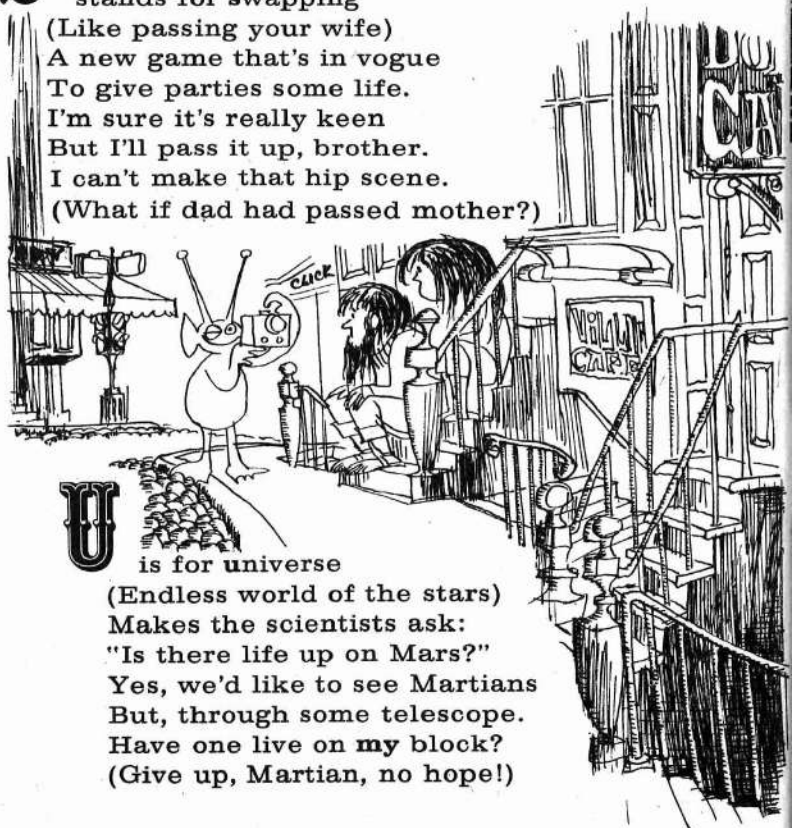


R stands for **robots**
(Fellows made out of tin)
Who will do all our tasks:
Make the bed, pour the gin.
But, when romance time comes
Send away that tin-can!
Yes, it's "Robot Go Home!"
(That's when she needs a man)

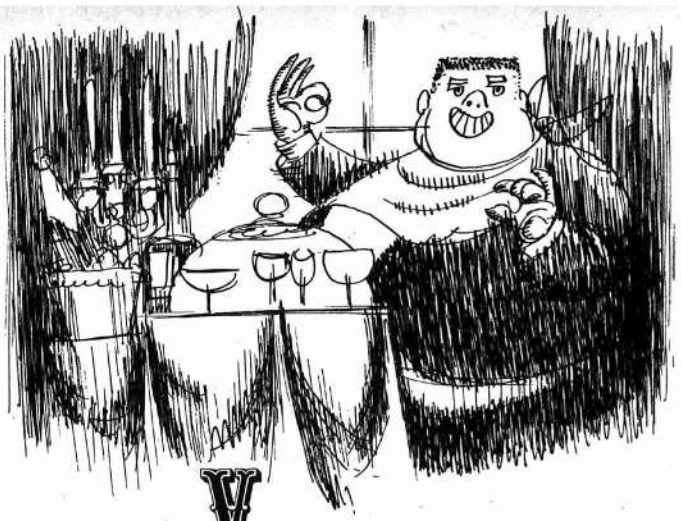
S stands for **swapping**
(Like passing your wife)
A new game that's in vogue
To give parties some life.
I'm sure it's really keen
But I'll pass it up, brother.
I can't make that hip scene.
(What if dad had passed mother?)



T is for **Telstar**
(Flying high in the sky)
Have you guys stopped to think
That's an eye in the sky?
As it circles the earth
It records all the drama.
What a horrible thought!
(We're all on Candid Camera!)



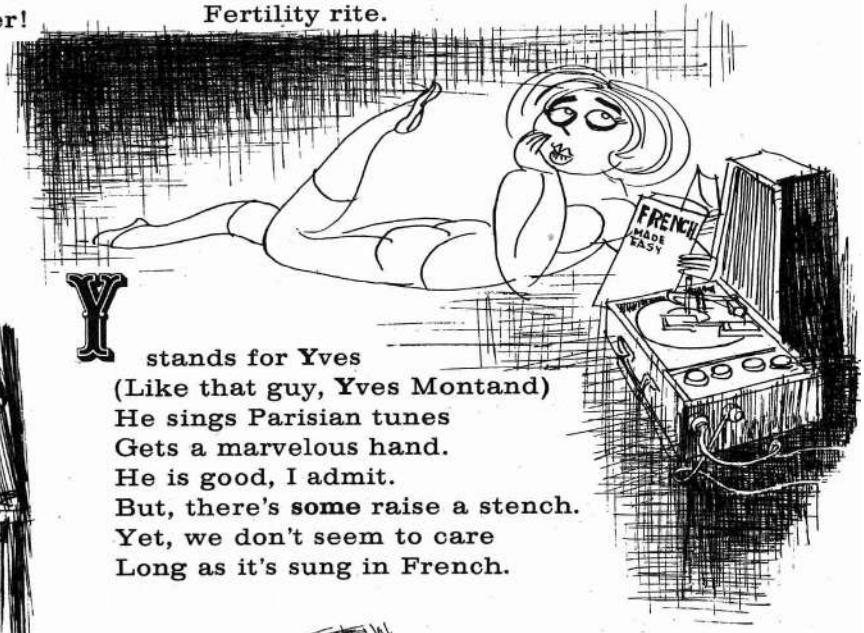
U is for **universe**
(Endless world of the stars)
Makes the scientists ask:
"Is there life up on Mars?"
Yes, we'd like to see Martians
But, through some telescope.
Have one live on **my** block?
(Give up, Martian, no hope!)



V stands for **v**anquished
(Those who lose in a fight)
But, if they take a ten-count
To "**US**" they're all right.
"Sam'll" give them his billions
Caviar for their dinner.
So, be smart, "throw" your war!
And **you'll** come out the winner!

W's for **W**atusi
(The dance that is wild)
Plus the frug and the monkey
That is done by each child.
They dance with abandon!
They dance through the night!
This 20th cent'ry
Fertility rite.

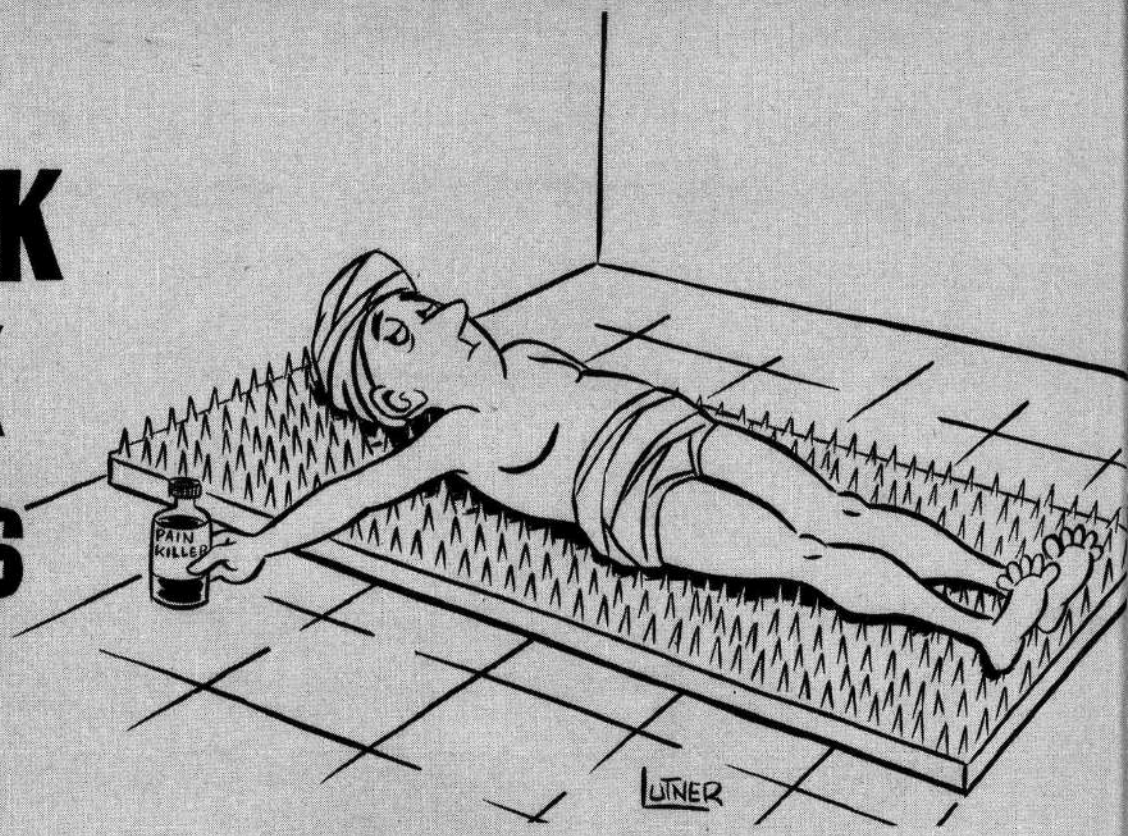
X is for e**x**istential
(Sartre's philosophy)
"We're alone in the stars"
"There's no exit," says he.
"Life has no special meaning"
Of this saying, he's fond.
Did he ever try leaning
On some red-head or blond?

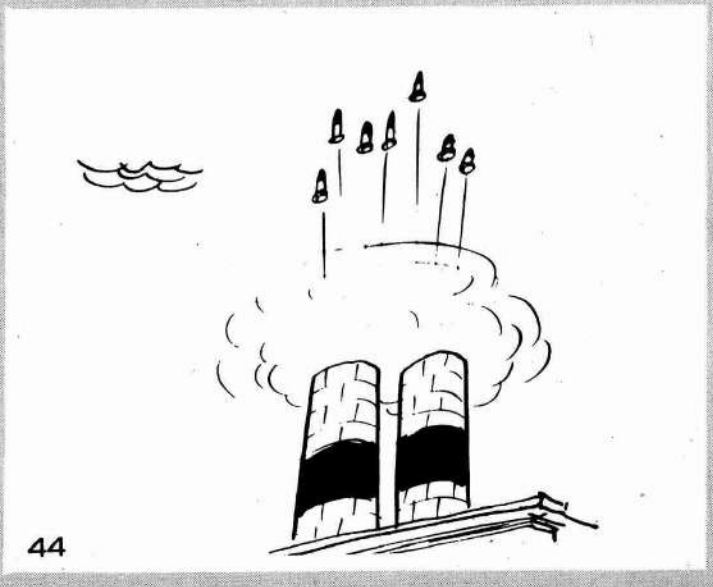


Y stands for **Y**ves
(Like that guy, **Y**ves Montand)
He sings Parisian tunes
Gets a marvelous hand.
He is good, I admit.
But, there's **some** raise a stench.
Yet, we don't seem to care
Long as it's sung in French.

Z stands for **Z**ero
(Like what the Mets bat)
They make fans tear their hair
Or else chew their new hat.
"Get a hit, you old women!"
Is the chant that they scream.
The Mets just won the Pennant!
(I just woke from a dream)

QUICK SICK SKITS





deCARLO

RED HOTS
BEER
CANDY

DAVID
SINCLAIR

SiMON SeZ:

by Joe Simon

THANK YOU, NOERA-RAYNS STUDIO

We hate to brag about how high-class we are but every now and then SICK gets in a situation that makes us all proud we're SICK. To make a short story long, the printed words you read here are set by one of the country's leading typesetters—NOERA-RAYNS STUDIO. This outfit is so exclusive they set their type photographically, as opposed to the old-fashioned method of using lead. This new "Computer Method" is presently on exhibition touring the world. Among the many companies represented at this exhibit are I.B.M. and Dupont, to name-drop a few. Now guess who else is represented at this world-wide graphics display? That's right—SICK Magazine, whose pages are open and shown to leading executives all over the world. How's that for prestige? Boy, is our typeface red!

SICK STAFFER MAKES GOOD

The newest member of our staff to make good is none other than Tony Tallarico, SICK artist who, along with partner Don Arneson, has created THE GREAT SOCIETY COMIC BOOK. This adventure-style version of the current political scene has already become a best-seller. It's enjoyed great national promotion, was written up in Life, Newsweek and some other of the big SICK competitors. It's a very funny book—go out and buy it. If you have enough money left after buying your copy of SICK, that is!

THE BRAND-X ISSUE

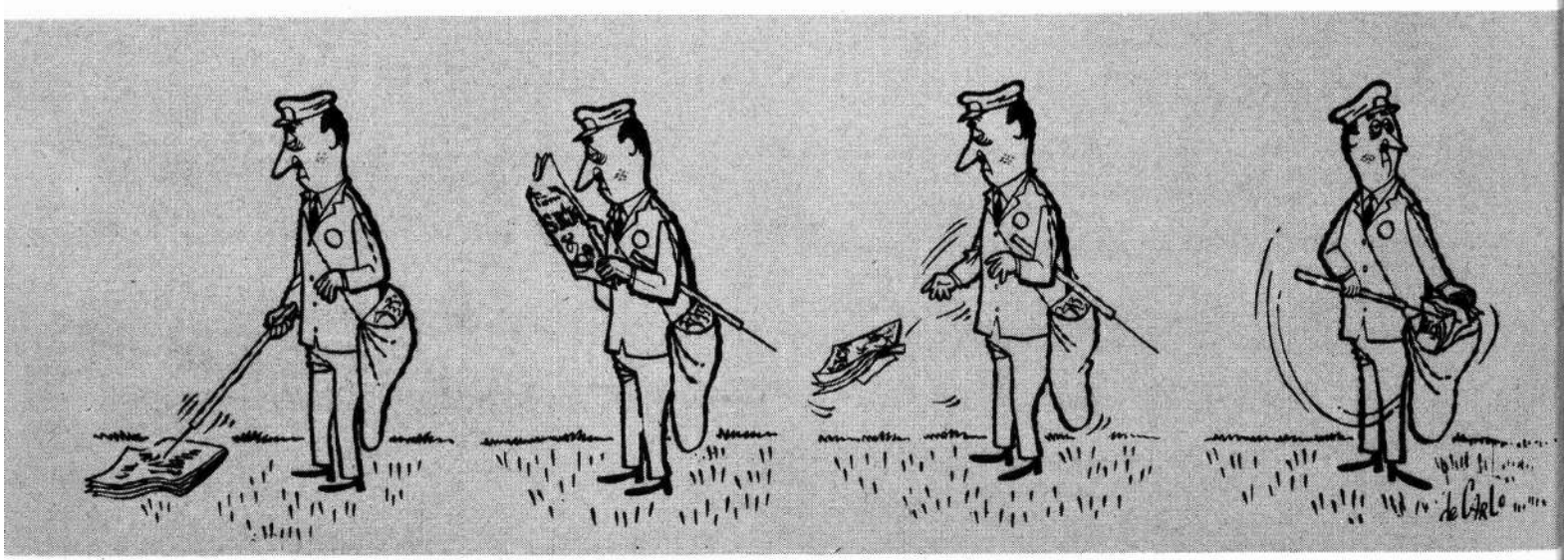
Never before have we received as much mail for any one issue as on our Brand-X Issue. We even got notes tied to stones thrown thru our window. And letters are still pouring in! We welcome them all, even though we'll have to give the mailman a bigger Christmas gift this year. Anyway, the general consensus of our readers is that it's about time somebody came to the defense of Brand-X—the nation's biggest underdog. Many go so far as to say they'll only buy Brand-X products in the future. It seems we started a whole new concept in the magazine business. In fact, it's becoming such a rage we're thinking of putting out a separate Brand-X Magazine along with SICK. If your letters are any indication of success, we ought to be able to retire after the first issue. So keep those cards and letters comin' in, as the man says. Who knows? This could be the start of something weird!

ABOUT THE COVER

"What about it," people are saying! Well, the Surfing Cover that appears on this issue was drawn by a new artist who has joined SICK's staff of regulars. His name is BOB TAYLOR and he hails from the midwest. Don't confuse him with Bob Taylor, the Hollywood actor. Our Bob's eyes are much browner. At any rate, Bob has also illustrated several pages inside the magazine. If you like his style, let us know as we're thinking of bringing him to New York. If you don't like it, then let us know too as we can always tear up the tickets!

ANNUAL ON SALE NOW

Yes, it's finally here! After several years of promises, promises, the SICK ANNUAL has arrived (SEE BACK COVER). Trouble is, it was supposed to be an Annual for 1956. It shouldn't matter though, this collector's edition is chock full of the sickest material from previous SICK issues. It also contains a free portrait cutout of Huckleberry Fink, "The Why Try Harder Kid." This triple-page foldout is in full rich color and ideal for framing and mounting. So make sure you get your copy. Would you believe it, right now millions of people are rushing down to their newsstands to get theirs? No, huh? Would you believe hundreds of people are walking? Still no, eh? How about a wounded boyscout crawling on the ground???

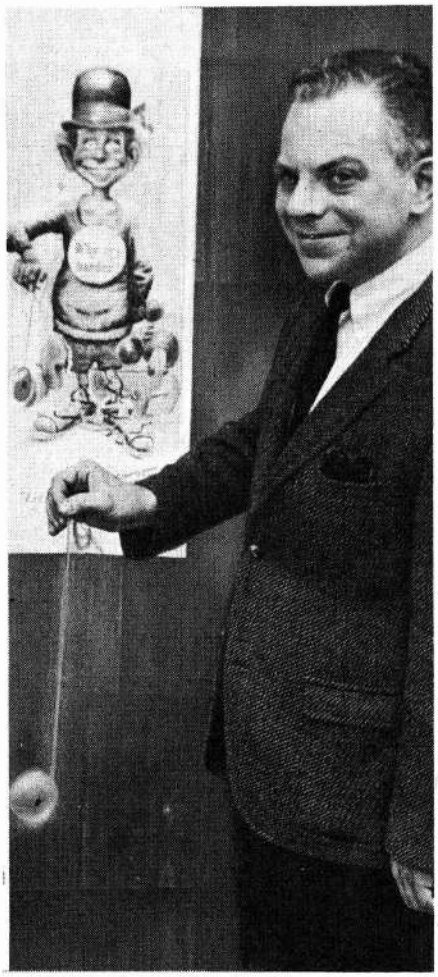


BRAND X

MAN OF THE MONTH

Freddy

The Wolfe



Fred Wolfe (Poems of The Great Society), one of our latest "Sick" inmates, wasn't always a writer, *"I spent quite a few years just bumming around the nursery."* When the Wolfe cub became old enough to wave "bye! bye!", (he was about eighteen) he began his comedy career for radio station W.O.R. as a ghost-writer. But he soon gave this up. *"How many funny ghosts are there to write for?"* Fred tells us that he stems from a great literary tradition: *"My grandfather wrote ransom notes for Al Capone."* Fred has written for Jack Carter, Julie Wilson, Betty Reilly and Kaye Ballard.

Fred remembers the very first time he was actually inspired to write. *"My unemployment checks ran out."* So, he wrote songs and special material for the Donn Arden Travelling Revues. And, if you've ever heard his material, you'll know why these revues *had* to keep travelling!

He then wrote lyrics for a Broadway show, but after the critics told them where to go, they gladly settled for off-Broadway.

Following this brush with the legitimate theatre, Fred decided to take the easy way out and went into advertising. He wrote comedy commercials for a children's show called "Bobo the Hobo." This title seems quite appropriate for one who was often told to hit the road. Eventually, he got into difficulty with the Madison Avenue crowd due to a terrible physical defect—he couldn't keep his grey-flannel mouth shut! So, after turning in his ulcer, and his now buttoned-down lip, he became a spear-fisherman. *"I speared cigarette butts and candy-wrappers in Central Park."*

Since his reputation was now shot, he decided he had nothing left to lose and got a job on television. While working for TV, he wrote special material songs for Roberta Quinlan, the "Princess" of television. Fred vehemently denies the connection between his writing and the fact that she was soon forced to abdicate. Fred also did a stint in Tin-Pan Alley where he wrote his immortal song, "He Put A Bar In The Back Of His Car And He's Driving Himself To Drink!" It didn't sell many records, but it sure drove a lot of people to drink! Hollywood has had its eyes on Fred for several years. That explains why he's still working in New York!

CLASSICFRIED ADS

This SICKtion is a free service for the convenience of our readers. However, since there are so many kooks and kooky items involved, we assume no responsibility for items, claims or persons advertised here. We're sick but not crazy.

BIBLE STUDENTS

Anyone interested in the meaning of the number 666 (Sick, March, p. 28) please write Mrs. Marge Peck, 520 Carlin Drive, Northfield, Ohio 44067.

COMIC COLLECTORS

ATTENTION ALL COMIC READERS: I would like to buy these issues of Detective Comics; for 10¢; Detective 332, 334, 347. Send me the comics first, then I'll send the money.

Plus, I would like to send a big kiss to Belinda.

Walter Kosiba
154 Hecla St.
Uxbridge, Mass 01569

MODEL HINTS

TO ALL MODEL LOVERS: I have figured out a great way to remove model parts without a chance of breaking them. Heat a knife over a medium flame for about a minute. Then, with the sharp edge, cut out the part. Be careful not to melt the part into molten plastic, and not to touch any other parts. Also do this to melt broken pieces together, and when you get really good at it, you could try welding the pieces together and make the whole model this way.

Gary Gieller
66 Evans Rd.
Brookline, Mass.

PHILOSOPHY COLLECTORS

I collect bits of philosophy, opinion, dissentations, stupidity, etc. Do you have something you're sick, happy, sad over? Or just send your little philosophy of life on paper. Send letters, comments, threats, kisses and girlie mags to;

Dave Anderson
2332 14 St.
Boulder, Colorado

GREETINGS

To Gordon Flagg, Jr. and Dirk Younker, Atlanta, Ga. To Kyle Bright, David Likan Miller and Gary Brown of Baloff, California. To Doug Ehrreich, Hopkins, Minn. To Wayne Baldaro, Jack Serafin, Scott Forester, Gary Din of Burbank, Cal. To Tom Fisher, Ottowa, Kansas. To Douglas Hill, San Dimas, California.

Wanted: Pen pals from anywhere, preferably 15 and older, but any age will do. One qualification only—you must read Sick Magazine.

Sue Sutton
P.O. Box 24
Riverside, Wash., 98849

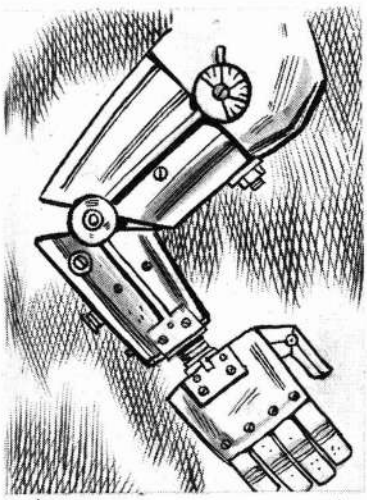
SPY DEVICES

Art by George Tuska
Script by Bob Elliott

The secret agent shows on TV have produced one important thing besides boredom, and that is a series of impossible gadgets, mostly in the form of a camera or a transistor radio, that can do everything but fry eggs—and they're working on that. These complicated bits of hardware are so assinine as to be unbelievable, so we've come up with a batch of "Spy Helpers" that are much more practical and fit in with the usually inane story lines. They're called Available Criminal Indicating Devices, or ACID, and here's how they work. When you've had enough, holler UNCLE!

KARATE ARM

The judo or karate chop is the only blow that most agents know, and figuring that the arm can get pretty tired in 60 minutes, we've built this fine, natural-looking steel arm that automatically delivers a smart chop when the button is pressed. Adjustable from **Stunning Blow** to **Instant Death.** Complete with bundle of boards to break when no necks are available.

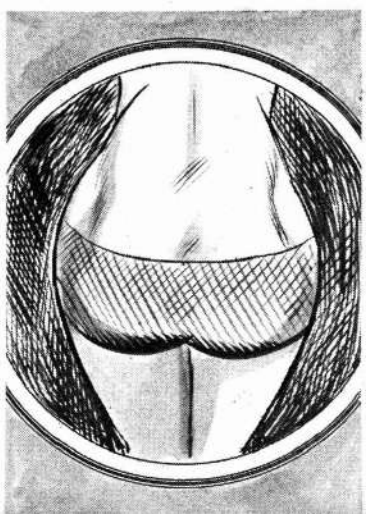


NOGGIN COVER

Since spys are always getting slugged over the head when they cleverly turn their backs on their enemy, we've come up with the answer to those headaches—a steel skull cap in small, medium, large, and jumbo. Lightweight, ventilated, and covered with a variety of snappy hair styles, it also doubles for an ash tray when not in use.

THE FANNYBUST

Most agents seem to be overwhelmed with luscious women but some (James Bond) are often fooled by guys posing as broads. This gadget will enable Our Man to pick his chick. The lens is slipped over the end of the telescope (fountain pen) and from the lines, calibrated in inches, he can find out the undercover facts. Small bell on rim rings if padding is detected.

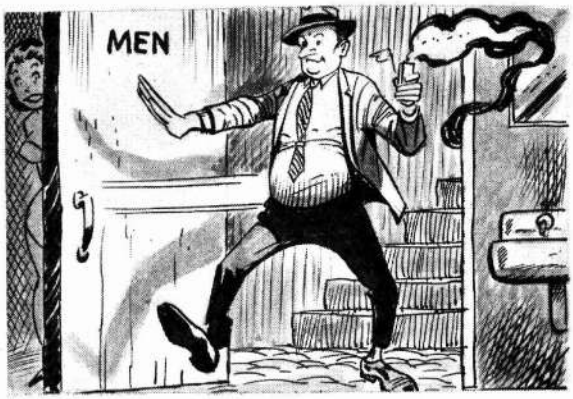


REAR VIEW UNCONSCIOUSNESS PREVENTER

Agents are always falling for one of the oldest, hokiest traps in history—the enemy who sneaks up on them when they're opening a safe. The RVUP is a boon to those kind of numbskulls, since a simple glance will tell at an instant if there's danger, and the agent can hide immediately—preferably in the men's room—if he can find it.

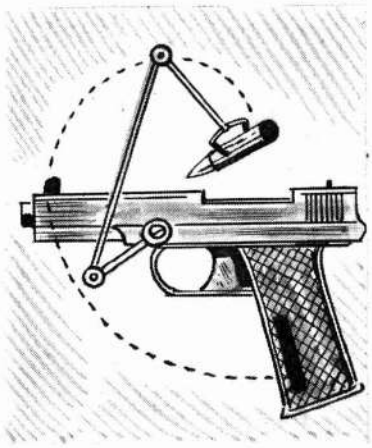
SECRET PANEL FINDER

Much valuable time is lost by agents looking for secret panels. This prevents all that. This sensitive device—in a lighter, naturally—activated by dry yeast, instantly points out location of secret panels, trap doors, and sliding doors. A small adjustment enables it to point out men's room in any building, no matter how cleverly concealed.



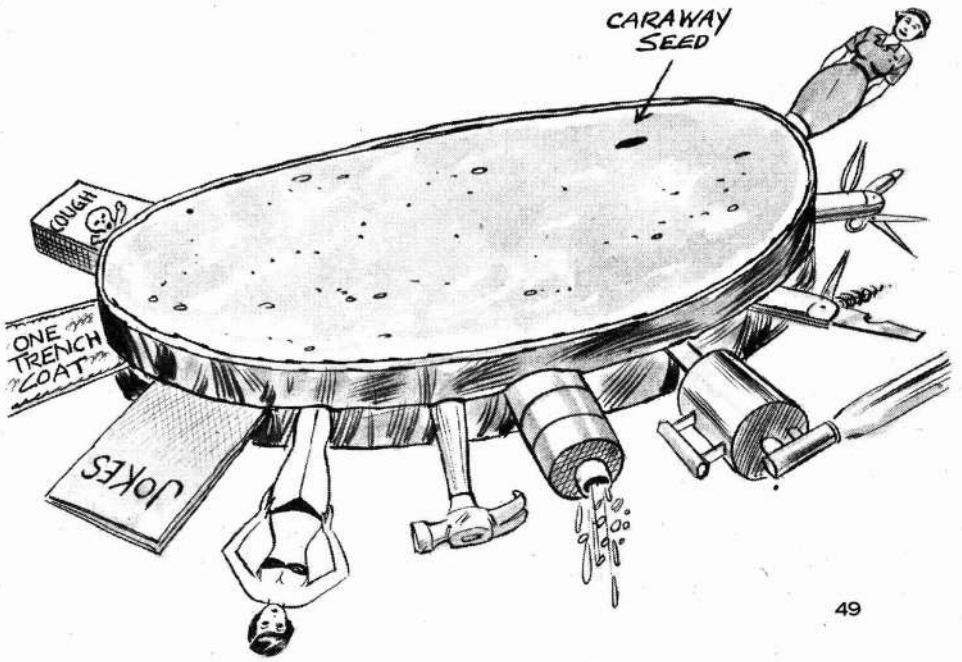
INFINITY GUN

Since agents are always running out of bullets at crucial moments, and none of them has sense enough to carry extra rounds, this gun should do the trick. The expended shells are reclaimed by a lever, thrown back into the handle, filled with powder, provided with a fresh bullet, and thrown into the chamber. Powder will last for 1,000 bullets or the end of the agent's life—whichever comes first.

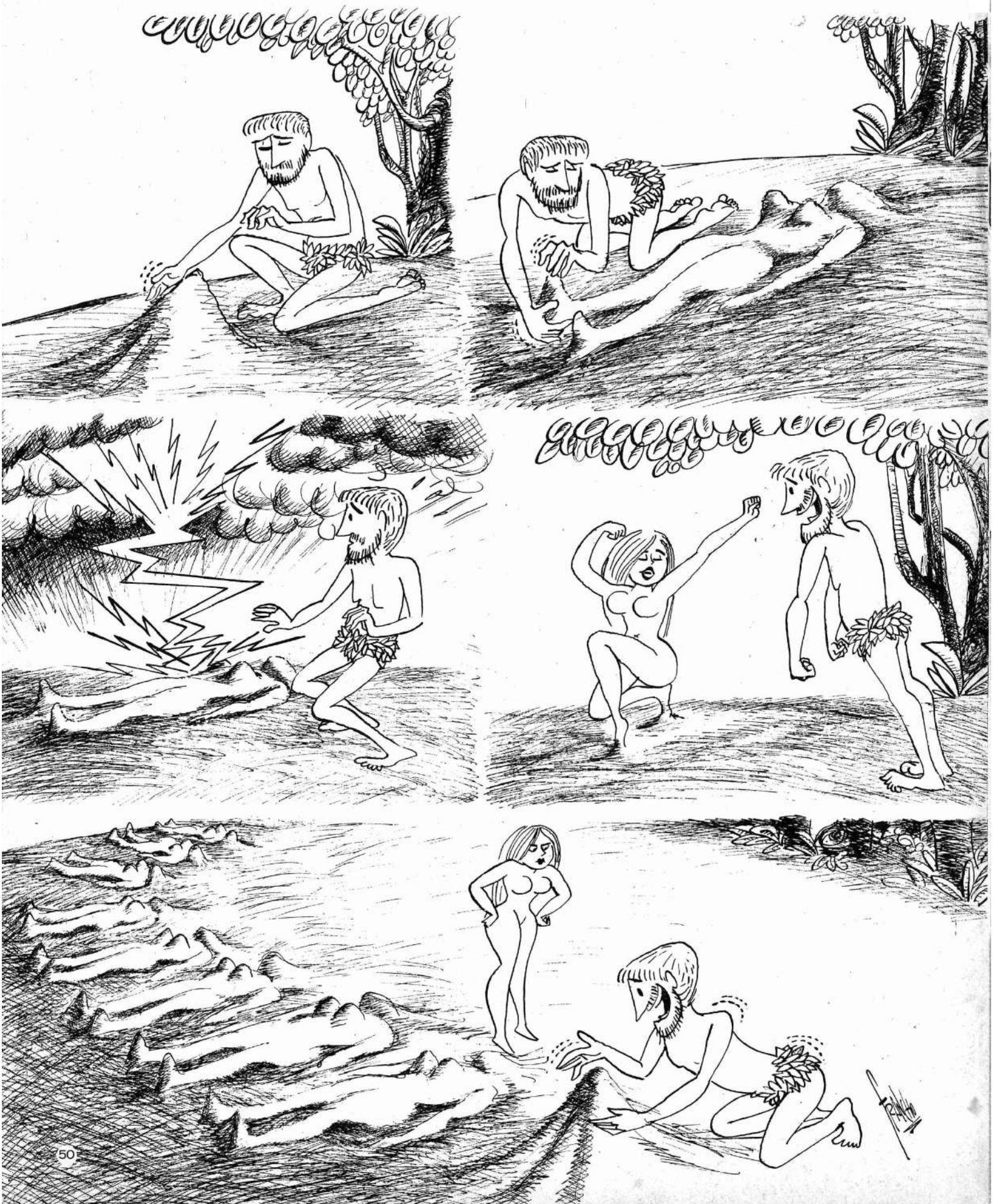


THE ULTIMATE

Here is the device to end all gadgets. Built to resemble a salami sandwich, it contains every device that the script writers have forgotten. Press a caraway seed and it flies open to present a Boy Scout knife, a Girl Scout knife, a tasty Girl Scout, an acetylene torch that works on borscht, a box of cough drops (poisoned), a claw hammer, Mike Hammer, a bikini, a girl to fit the bikini, a bottle of Scospirin, (Scotch mixed with aspirin), a book of dirty jokes in 12 languages, a gift certificate for a trench coat, and a fortune cooky whose message says, "Get out of the spy shows and get a good job. After this season, they're washed up."



BEACHCOMBER

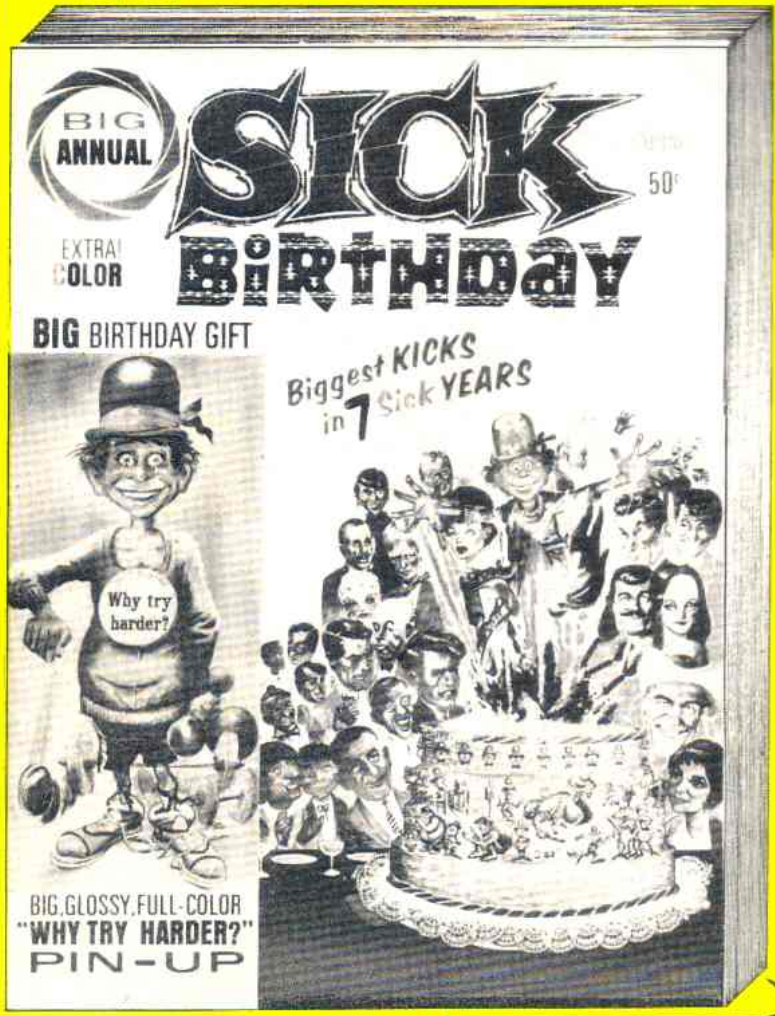


"Did you lose your surfboard, too?"

BIG SICK ANNUAL!

SEVEN YEARS IN THE MAKING!

(THEY WERE WATCHING US EVERY MINUTE)



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